Saturday Night

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BRENDA DAVIES: With grace and warmth. (Page 4)

The Front Page

It may never be possible to protect the innocent against all the wiles of the ungodly; as long as there are people who dream of making a lot of money quickly and without too much work, there will be schemers to take advantage of them. But that is no reason for doing nothing to safeguard the trusting and discourage the rascals. Apart from any other consideration, it isn't good business. Unfortunately, too many provincial authorities in Canada either do not understand this, or do not care.

Canada, with its fantastic wealth of natural resources, has been a happy hunting ground for the get-rich-quick schemers, who have had plenty of help from otherwise responsible people in fostering the belief that the Canadian sky is jammed with rainbows, all leading to pots of gold, pools of oil, and piles of precious or base metals. As a result, millions of dollars have been wheedled from naive investors and nothing given in return but worthless bits of paper.

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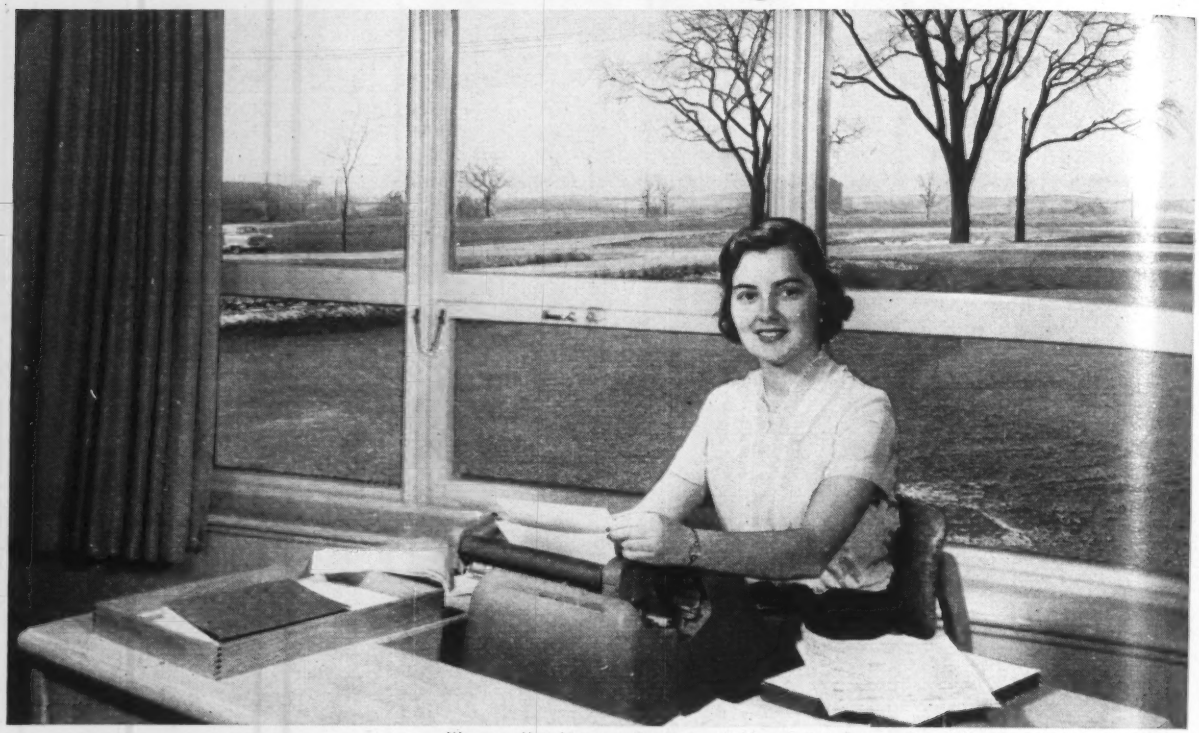

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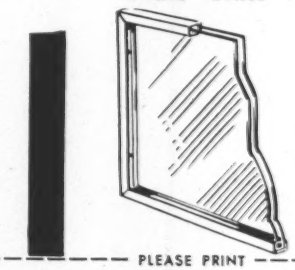

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

missions set up to police the securities business but the authorities have, in the main, been far too lax and complaisant. The most efficient of the provincial bodies is the Ontario Securities Commission, which has done a good job of chasing out the stock-pushers and financial highbinders. But the protection given the Ontario investor is still quite inadequate, as the purchasers of shares in many western oil or eastern mining ventures have painfully found out; in answer to complaints, the Commission can only make a regretful statement that it has no jurisdiction over a company operating outside the province, even though the shares are listed and traded on the Toronto Stock Exchange.

The investor will continue to take a beating as long as provincial securities commissions operate as tight little entities, concerned only with what goes on in their own areas of jurisdiction—and often not too troubled about that. When one province tightens its regulations, the sharpshooters merely transfer their operations to another; the stockpushers who made Toronto notorious a few years ago, for example, are now doing a merry business in Montreal.

The Investment Dealers' Association has done good work in helping to weed out the undesirables, and a considerable amount of policing could be done by the stock exchanges, but the main responsibility rests with governments and their appointed bodies. What is needed is agreement between the provinces on a common set of regulations, stiffened by federal law, and enforced by wide-awake and energetic securities commissions. Until this happens, Canadian investors will continue to lose millions of dollars to the wolves that prowl on the fringes of the financial world.

Report from Tanglewood

A FRIEND of ours not given to wasting words decided to spend this year's vacation in the congenial atmosphere of the Berkshires, somewhere close to the cultural goings-on at Tanglewood. Just the other day we got his report, by postcard: "Music superlative. Ballet passable. Theatre mediocre. Suspect New Englanders not, as reputed, a reticent lot, having passed many tourist cabins adorned with sign 'Night Comforts'. Have not investigated however."

Award Winner

BRUCE SWERDFAGER has earned his fair share of praise and prizes during his young career as an actor, and when he was chosen a couple of weeks ago as one of the two winners of the Tyrone Guthrie Award, he himself appeared to be the only person really surprised. A gesture of modesty at such times is traditional, of course, but when we talked to him soon after announcement of his selection had been made, it was obvious that he was not playing the stock part of the humble hero. "It's all the more exciting," he said, "because I didn't expect it, although I put in an application."

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The Guthrie Award was set up last year by the Stratford Shakespearean Festival as "a fund which would provide special training for promising young Canadian actors in the name of one of the world's great directors". The money is raised by special benefit performances put on by the Festival Company. No award was made last year, and Mr. Swerdfager and William Hutt, the other winner, are the first to be chosen for the $1,500 scholarships, which enable them to study abroad for six months at a theatre centre of their own choosing.

Newton

BRUCE SWERDFAGER: Voice, movement and the skill of other actors.

Mr. Swerdfager will be going to London. "I want to use the money to study voice and movement with a couple of good teachers," he said. "And I'll be going to as much theatre as possible to study other actors, instead of going to dramatic school. Afterwards, I plan on coming back to Canada rather than staying to try my luck on the English stage. I feel that the scholarship should be taken with the idea of coming back to Canada to do whatever is possible to help the theatre here."

Born in Ottawa 26 years ago, he began acting with the Little Theatre and Saturday Players there. Three years ago he was named the best actor at the Eastern Ontario Drama Festival, and last year he won the SATURDAY NIGHT Plaque as the best supporting actor at the Dominion Drama Festival. He has been a member of the Stratford Company for both its seasons, and last winter was with Toronto's Crest Theatre as an actor and stage assistant. He was to have been with the Crest company for the new season, but has now been released from his contract. "I expect to go to London in October and come back in May," he said, "in time for another season at Stratford—I hope."

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Talk of Dogs

WE FIND it difficult to understand why the newspapers gave even one-edition play to the announcement by the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals (London) that many dogs in Britain are despondent because they don't understand English. It is not a new discovery that most dogs are not smarter than most people, that their vocabulary is, if anything, somewhat more limited and that they have just as much trouble picking up a new language. It's only natural that a Welsh-speaking dog, for instance, should feel pretty morose when transferred to an English-speaking household; not only will he find it difficult to follow the conversation but the chances are he will consider his move a social come-down.

It is well known, too, that dogs not only speak the language of their human companions, but pick up the same accents and dialects. This is noticeable even in such rudimentary vocal expressions as barks. A Scottie says "grruff", but a lap-dog constantly exposed to baby-talk can only produce a "woof"; a properly-reared corgi will produce several variations of "llanfairwllgryff", while a German shepherd, on his native heath, will growl "herrauf". All this is elementary, and we are surprised that the People's Dispensary even bothered to mention it.

A Botched Job

IT MAY BE a decade or more before the British Empire Games are held in Canada again. Perhaps by that time the CBC will be wise enough either to leave TV coverage of the Games to the professionals who must meet competitive standards or to hire cameramen and reporters of at least average competence.

It is difficult to think of any sports event with more sustained color and excitement than the Games, yet the staggering incompetence of the people selected by the CBC to televise it managed to turn a pulse-stirring spectacle into a chaos of disconnected pictures and wordy drivel.

That the camera work was blurred for a good part of the time did not matter too much, since the cameramen seemed interested in anything but the events being described by the announcers, while the latter obviously had made little or no

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effort to prepare themselves for the job of intelligent reporting that was needed to keep viewers properly informed about what was going on. They did not know enough about the events or the competitors to sustain an interesting commentary, but had to fall back on such enlightening remarks as "Gee, that was exciting!" or "Gosh, that man can run!"

To complete the wreck of what could have been a superb presentation, long and uninspired plugs for a commercial sponsor were inserted at the most inopportune moments. Incidentally, the CBC's reason for buying exclusive TV and radio rights to the Games was that it wanted to prevent private interests from exploiting the Games commercially or neglecting to give "adequate coverage".

This is not a minority report. Wallace Reyburn, the Canadian newspaper correspondent now living in England, had this to say after watching the first 50-minute telefilm of the Games: "Judged by the standard set by British television for such sports coverage, this Canadian television effort was appalling. . . The whole thing was amateurish confusion." The comment of the *Montreal Gazette* was typical: "Surely the British Empire Games was a spectacle that the CBC might have fully and competently given to the public, as part of the service that it exists to perform. Instead, the public was presented with a telecast with technical defects and inexpert announcing, with the curtain rung down before the end."

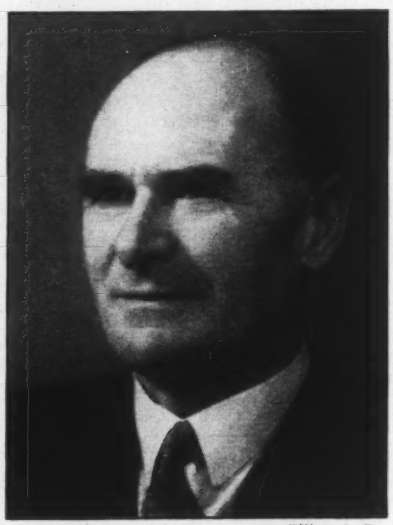
The CBC, of course, doesn't give a hoot. It doesn't have to worry about competition.

British Report

A CHASTE NOTE informed us that Sir Harry Pilkington, President of the Federation of British Industries and chairman of the biggest private company in Britain, Pilkington Brothers Ltd., glass manufacturers, was in town, and forthwith we made arrangements to talk with him.

Sir Harry, we learnt, is a man who likes to keep busy. It was a quiet time in Britain, and he had lots of work to do in Canada, where his company has a big investment. This was only one of many visits to the firm's Canadian branches—"We've had warehouses and processing operations here for more than 60 years". He was very keen on the part British companies could play in the capital development of Canada and other Commonwealth countries, very keen indeed. He had been emphasizing it in discussions of policies to be adopted by the Federation of British Industries, which is an association of manufacturers founded for the "encouragement, promotion and protection of British industries of all kinds". With an extensive regional organization in the United Kingdom itself, the Federation also has its own representatives in over 90 countries.

The lull in Britain was seasonal—holidays and that sort of thing. Actually, the situation looked good—"We feel optimistic about an orderly expansion of trade in every part of the world, and Britain is well equipped to take her place in that development". The U.K. was in a much better competitive position to increase exports to North America. There was, too, a healthier economic climate. "While only steel and a certain amount of long-distance haulage have been denationalized (actually there has not been as much denationalization in Britain as is generally thought over here in Canada), the return to private enterprise has shown excellent results, with a general relaxation of controls. People do react splendidly to opportunities, to greater freedom. It's a good thing."



Elliott & Fry

SIR HARRY PILKINGTON: A bigger share of the world market.

British industry, he said, has great faith in Canada. "We have invested a lot and we are investing more. As far as my own company is concerned, we have invested very heavily and will go on doing so. And of course we will keep on going after a bigger share of the world market." We got the impression that Sir Harry rather relished the prospect of doing a considerable amount of the selling job himself.

Shorts and Things

AN INTERESTING incident took place the other day in Brissago, a village in Switzerland. A bus loaded with tourists arrived in the community and proceeded to disgorge its passengers — usually a happy event for a hamlet looking for a little extra business, but not in Brissago. Among the tourists were several young women clad in shorts and low-cut blouses. The villagers promptly armed themselves with pitchforks and scythes and herded the scarlet visitors back into their bus. What puzzles us is the mention of scythes. Pitchforks we can understand; there is nothing more tempting for the use of such an instrument than a well-filled pair of shorts. But why scythes?

A Sum of Blinks

THE AVERAGE person, we are told, blinks 25 times a minute and each blink takes one-fifth of a second—a bit of statistical information that can be developed along all sorts of interesting lines. It means, for example, that this formless average person has his eyes closed for one minute in every 12 when not asleep. Should we be paid for the involuntary 40 minutes of shut-eye during an eight-hour working day? Should we get a rebate for the 10 minutes we lose out of every two-hour movie? Better still, medical science might be able to do something about those car drivers who apparently save all their blinks for at least five minutes of sightless steering each hour.

Lively Theatre (*Cover picture*)

SUMMER THEATRE in Canada is largely a postwar growth and in many communities it still amounts to little more than an attempt to escape from holiday boredom. How permanent and rewarding it can be, however, has been demonstrated again this season by the Brae Manor Playhouse at Knowlton, Que.

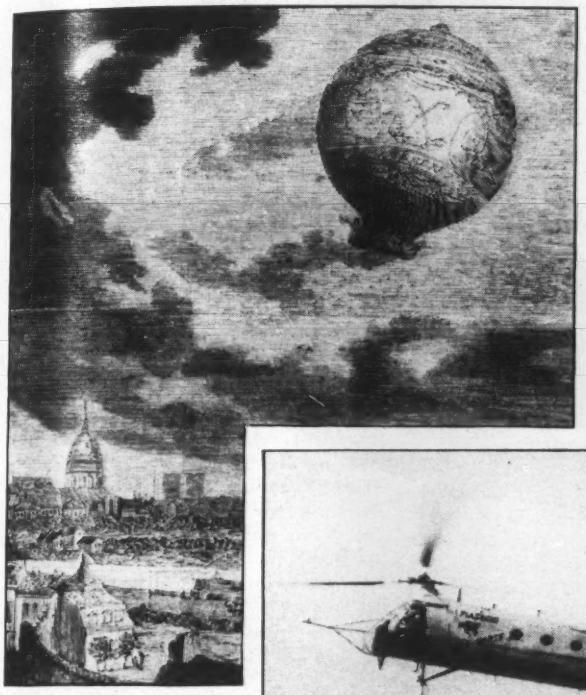
Brae Manor was organized nearly 20 years ago by Filmore and Marjorie Sadler, husband and wife with a wealth of theatrical experience, and it soon became not merely a competent summer stock company but a fine training ground for young people who wanted to find careers in stage work. Audiences appreciated the quality of the productions and made the venture a material as well as an artistic success. Then last winter Filmore Sadler died and there were fears that this might mean the end of the Playhouse, but Mrs. Sadler made it plain that she intended to continue and quickly got support and encouragement to fortify her resolution.

The Playhouse opened its eight-week season on July 7 with *The Blue Goose*, and closes this week with *Nothing but the Truth*. The roster of those directing and acting reads like a Who's Who of the Canadian theatre—Amelia Hall, Herbert Whittaker, Roeberta Beatty and others equally gifted. A couple of weeks ago Brenda Davies, known for the grace and warmth of her acting, played brilliantly in *The Late Christopher Bean*, which was directed by her husband, Robertson Davies.

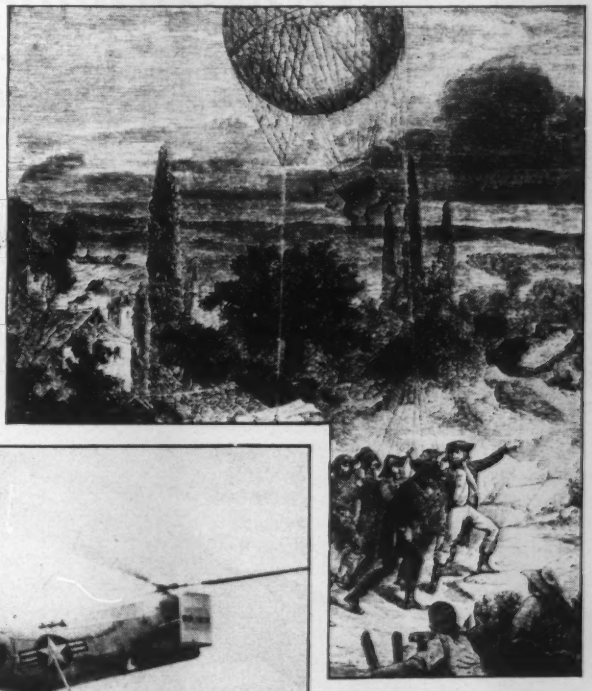
The early fears were groundless. The Playhouse is still strong, living theatre.

Successful Quest for Vertical Flight

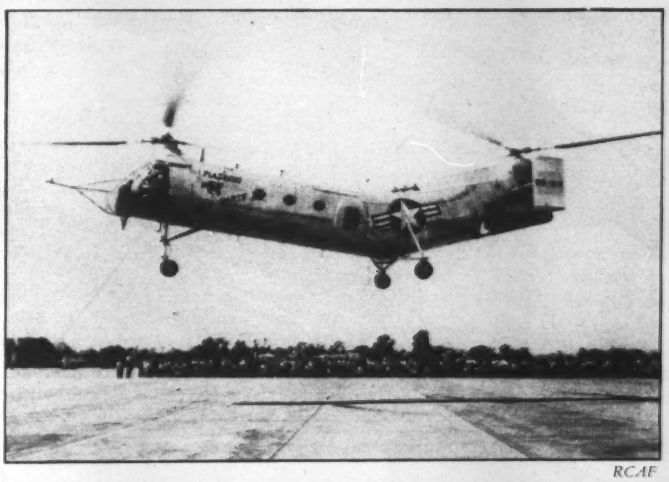
From Hot-Air Balloons to Twin-Rotor Helicopters



First balloon ascent was by de Rozier, 1783. French scientists quickly saw the value of such flights for physical research.

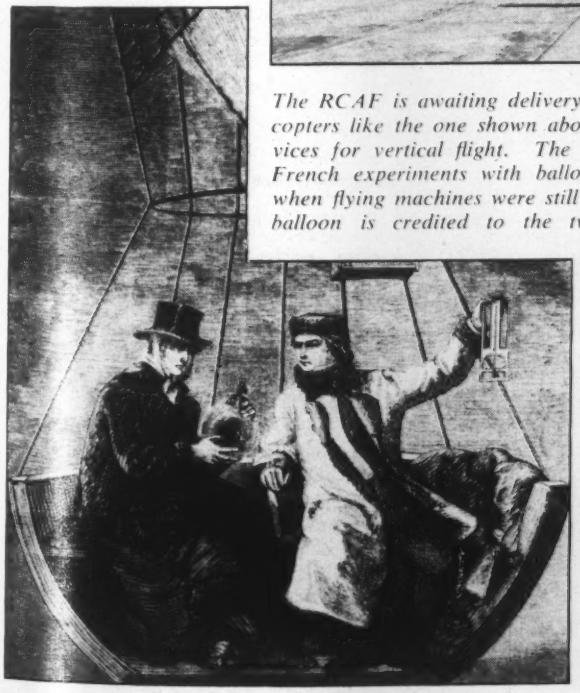


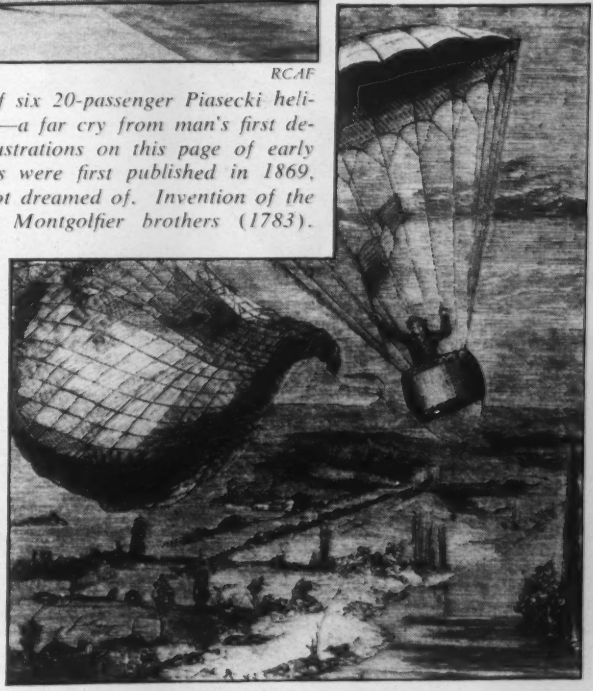
First military use of balloons was by the French. Jacques Garnerin made the first descent by parachute in 1797 (below).



RCAF

The RCAF is awaiting delivery of six 20-passenger Piasecki helicopters like the one shown above—a far cry from man's first devices for vertical flight. The illustrations on this page of early French experiments with balloons were first published in 1869, when flying machines were still not dreamed of. Invention of the balloon is credited to the two Montgolfier brothers (1783).





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The Insane Specialists And the Individual

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

I WOULD RATHER spend one night in an average American hotel than stay in the average French hotel just for a night. The American hotel would be better organized and far more efficient. Nevertheless, if I had to stay a week or two in a hotel, I would prefer the French to the American. It is true that in the French hotel the plumbing would not always work, the electricity might suddenly be turned off, the elevator be out of order, and certain members of the staff might apparently take a violent dislike to me. But I should feel I was a person there, capable of establishing and maintaining human relationships; we would all be alive together. I would not be made to feel that I was merely so much raw material in the hotel industry. I would be a man, not a unit of something.

Most people would agree with this view of hotels, but a great many of them would not see that it also applies to life in general. They will not understand that the great test question is: *What does it feel like to be living this sort of life?* We are in fact beginning to lose sight of this question. The Old and New Testaments are often thrown at our heads, but rarely do we hear that profound remark about the Sabbath being made for Man and not Man for the Sabbath. For the Sabbath, of course, you can substitute the State, Industry, Science, the Law, and all the rest. They are made for Man too, though you would not think so.

The truth is, we are now the victims of two dangerous types: the power-mongers and the specialists so enthusiastic that they are not quite sane. Both these types do everything possible to prevent our putting the test question, *Are we enjoying all this?* And they are in a strong position. The power-mongers, if not all the time, then sooner or later, are in authority over us. They can tell us what is good for us, and make it very unpleasant for us if we do not agree. The specialists have to be called in constantly because now we seem to live in such a complicated world, so difficult to understand. So we keep finding ourselves at their mercy. And being enthusiasts, and probably a little mad, and knowing exactly what they want, they have an advantage over us, bewildered and muddleheaded as we are. They bustle us off into some maze they have prepared for us, almost before we know what they are up to. While we are stammering "I don't think I want this", the trap has closed on us.

Man has been around for a long time now, and during long ages he has acquired certain patterns of behavior that in turn have created corresponding patterns of feeling. We inherit these patterns just as surely as we inherit lungs, liver and kidneys. We are born, so to speak, with powerful if unconscious expectations. Robbed of their fulfillment, we feel deeply frustrated, resentful, embittered or permanently depressed, and in turn these strong negative feelings encourage us to behave badly, to transform love into hate, to seek revenge. We may ourselves become power-mongers or mad specialists.

Living in an age that seems to us enchantingly easy and relaxed, Thoreau announced that most men lead lives of quiet desperation. What he would think and say now, it is impossible to imagine: he would probably be rushed into a mental hospital. I am now in my sixtieth year, and still have most of my wits, and I am quite serious when I declare that contemporary Western Man seems to me the greatest sucker of all time. He is the victim of the most outrageous confidence trick that has ever been worked. He has allowed himself to be persuaded and bullied into toiling to create a civilization that robs him of most of the primary satisfactions, that increasingly wrecks that inherited pattern of feeling, that leaves him feeling more and more frustrated, resentful, angry. Yet, more often than not, he is too timid to cry "Wait a minute! What am I getting out of all this? What's it all for?"

Let me offer a few examples. War in the modern manner is not fun for anybody except a few lunatics. It does not even offer much satisfaction (a point often overlooked) to man's combative instincts. It is simply a gigantic horrible idiocy. Now, in these days, men do not make war; states make war. The state is, among other things, a war-making organization. So if we do not want war, it would be a good idea to begin taking power away from the state. Do we do this? Not a bit of it: we give the state more and more power, allowing it to remove liberties for which our forefathers fought and bled. I had far more control over my own life forty years ago, as a boy of nineteen, than I have now when I am a grandfather. For instance, I could have come to Canada then merely by asking my father's permission. Now if I want to come to Canada, I have to ask the permission of all manner of people, most of whom I do not know.

And consider this, a much graver matter. We now manufacture, and are prepared to use, atom bombs. We pay for them. We may have to endure their huge blinding lunacy. But when were we asked if we wanted these things? When and

Miller

MR. PRIESTLEY at work on his latest book, "Low Notes on a High Level", which will be published in October.

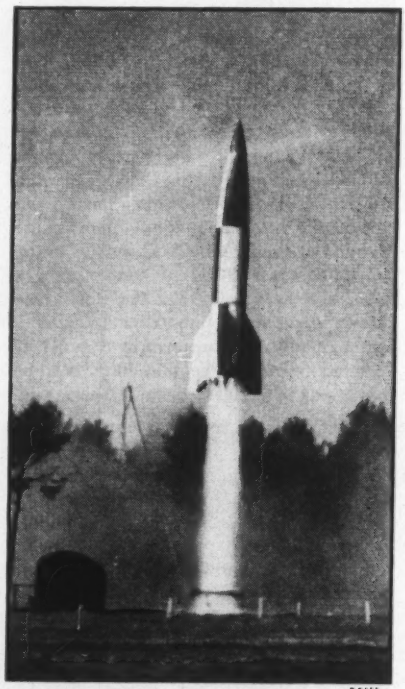
where was a vote taken? Ah—but this is a crisis. My friends, there is always going to be a crisis if the power-mongers and the mad specialists have their way. That is the kind of world they like. They thrive on it. The rest of us may not, but then—who are we?

ANOTHER example. Normal men and women inherit a strong instinctive feeling for a family life. It follows therefore that any sensible civilization would see to it that its people could live in families. Yet we have known for some time now that the development of our urban industrial life threatened the existence of the family as a social unit. Clearly if we were all in our right minds we would assert that, if our urban industrial life threatened the family, then so much the worse for that life; we would have none of it. A man or woman who hungers deeply for a family is not to be compensated by being given a refrigerator, a motor car, a radio or television set, and similar toys. We know that very well. But the fact remains that we do not behave as if we knew it. We do not shout: "Hold on now! First things must come first." No, we allow ourselves to be hypnotized and then cheated.

Again, we know very well, if we are still sane, that the work a man does is supremely important to him. It is intimately related to his sense of self-respect and well-being. Most of the happiest men we have known worked hard, quite outside Trade Union rules, at jobs that really meant something to them. And most of the obviously resentful or miserable men we have known have been condemned to work in some pitiful routine fashion that left most of their manhood outside. We are quite well aware of all this. But do we act upon this knowledge? The answer stares us bleakly in the face.

It is here the lunatic specialist victimizes us. (I write "us" but you can count *me* out.) He has invented a new and even more tyrannical machine; he has an industrial efficiency system guaranteed to produce more and more toothbrushes or ashtrays so long as the workpeople will behave like galvanized robots. And do we tell him that cheerful people, enjoying life, are more important than toothbrushes and ashtrays? No, we try to change the sensible human rhythm to fit the machine, as if we were here to serve machines, and rob more and more humble men and women of their individuality and self-respect in the name of industrial production.

Most of us have been taken in, at some time or other, by the idea that you could give people appallingly monotonous jobs, destructive of self-respect, and that this would not matter so long as their wages were good and their hours fairly short, because such people could then spend their leisure painting pictures, making or listening to music, and attending lectures on the Life of Chaucer or Japanese Drama. I, for one, am convinced now that this simply does not work. Only a few exceptional persons can be robots every day from eight to five, and then zestful creative human beings in the evening and every week-end. Something vital is destroyed. The robot worker becomes as a rule the passive victim of mechanical entertainment, and is soon liable to be turned into a sort of mass man, no longer alert to guard his liberty as a citizen, his integrity as a man. Yet even with this mass man there are resentments somewhere below, stoking up the fires, perhaps preparing a world of appalling cruelty and horror, of which some of the more imaginative writers of science fiction have already had prophetic glimpses.



Miller

MAN LONGS TO TRAVEL as fast as he can away from himself.

An ironical feature of our life is that although, not unreasonably, we pride ourselves on having raised the general standard of living, many of the things we regard now as supreme luxuries were a part of quite humble living in earlier times. For example, peasants used to cook with charcoal, still do in some countries, but in most of our cities it is only the wealthy who can patronize the restaurants that offer charcoal cooking. Crofters and peasants used to wear handwoven tweeds, now only to be found in our more expensive shops. Rich men spend small fortunes to hunt, shoot and fish, which is only what their ancestors were doing at no cost whatever. Their wives and daughters and girl friends insist upon wearing furs, as primitive woman did. Well-to-do middle-aged Americans invite you to eat steaks they have grilled in the open. The third generation rich try their hands at spinning and weaving or printing with an old press. In some places millionaires spend most of their money buying themselves privacy and quiet, which are what any old farmer or woodman used to have for nothing. I know men who work at a terrible pressure in the city in order to enjoy a few weeks wearing old clothes in the garden. People go tearing about the country looking for pieces of furniture that our eighteenth century forbears could obtain from the nearest cabinet-maker. Others toil away and save money to stay for a month in a forest hut or a fisherman's cottage. Others sit among the telephones and typewriters dreaming of sailing an old boat. We pay large sums to visit market towns where our ancestors merely did their business. When we eat and drink and sleep as they did, we consider we are having a most magnificent holiday, worth every penny it is costing us.

There is a familiar story of a motorist impatiently questioning a yokel and receiving such vague and unsatisfactory replies about where the various roads went, that finally he tells the yokel that he considers him a fool. "I may be a fool," the yokel replies, grinning, "but I'm not lost." And that motorist, who is most of us, is lost in more senses than one. He is rapidly losing touch with the instinctive life of man and all its deep primary satisfactions. He is piling up frustration, resentment, despair. Already, having nearly ruined this planet, he is wondering how to ruin a few more. He longs to travel at a thousand miles an hour—away from himself.

IT IS TIME that Woman really asserted herself. She knows that our values are all wrong. She is rarely a power-monger, except on a domestic scale, and rarely a mad specialist. She understands what real life consists of, how it can go wrong, how it might be put right. She is never the one to keep the bath water and throw the baby out of the window. Why does she tolerate our lunacies and horrors? Why has she not rebelled, perhaps lynching some of our more dangerous madmen? The answer is, I think, that she is both bewildered and intimidated by the present age, with its huge-scale organization, its elaborate machinery, its complicated masculine techniques. She knows, nobody better, that our society is a failure, but is defeated, up to now, by its size and complexity, the triumph of the masculine principle. But the sooner she loses her patience, the better it will be for all of us. Indeed, there are times when I feel this is our only hope. Madam, ask the Test Question — "What's all this for?" — and then let rip.

Letter from New York

Dream World Upside Down

By Anthony West

AS IF BORED with complaints about humidity, the weather gods have decided to let New Yorkers have a try with dry heat this summer. Speaking personally, I wouldn't say that it was an improvement; it makes New York patchily unpleasant instead of disagreeable all over. As you go round town you find pools of roasted air lying in wait for you, reflected from white-fronted buildings or metal-sheathed facades, and the shadows are cool, sometimes startlingly cooler than the hot patch you've just walked out of. It is a change from the damp sticky heat that's the normal heat-wave fare, because that's the same in shadow and out of it.

The one thing that is to the dry heat's credit is that it makes a rapid difference when the sun goes down; the parade of saunterers on the city streets begins an hour to an hour and a half earlier than it does when the humidity is high. I may have mentioned the matter last summer, but these strolling hours on hot summer nights are one of the reasons why New Yorkers like New York and they come high in its list of pleasures. You see then what a warm-hearted city it is, and the villagey quality of its neighborhoods becomes apparent. People stroll up and down their blocks talking to their neighbors who have brought out cushions and chairs and sit chatting on their front steps and on the sidewalk, and the children play.

That's the idyllic side of the picture, and corny though it is, it corresponds with the reality of the main outline; east side or west side you will see more or less the same sights with the friendly, relaxed groups of people recovering from the day's heat in the dramatic light of the street lamps. The un-idyllic side of the picture emerges later in the evening, when the grown-ups and the children have gone to bed and only the teen-agers with their inexhaustible vitality are left. When one walks home after a dinner party, or after supper following a theatre or movie, they are still drifting through the pools of darkness between the street lamps, or clustered at some corner or on a step, wrestling, giggling, breaking into song, falling silent, quarrelling, and making up, as restless, idle, and as unpredictable as so many packs of monkeys. Like all adolescents discovering themselves, they are in the grip of the most intense self-consciousness and as a stranger passes by these groups put on a little performance: their laughter becomes a little louder, their gestures more extravagant, the girls are at pains to show what sophisticated adults they are, and the boys what men. As the stranger comes up there will be whispered comments, when he comes alongside a moment of silence, and then as he passes a wave of giggling will break out, and the life of the party will make some comment.

The grown-up, if he remembers how eager he was to prove he wasn't a child, and how much on the defensive he was at that age about only having a child's knowledge of the world, takes it all with good-natured tolerance and goes on his way. But every now and again some drunk stands on his drunken dignity, or somebody with raw nerves can't take the brash comment, and turns in a fury to answer back. And then nasty things happen, sometimes unbelievably nasty things.

Miller

RESTLESS, idle and unpredictable.

AT THE beginning of the hot July a not very drunk man, just a little unsteady and a little argumentative, was weaving his way homewards up a New York street. Two boys of seventeen were sitting on a step watching him, acutely conscious that two girls, of sixteen and fifteen, were a couple of doors down the block watching them. As he came abreast of them they called out a rude personal comment. He drifted resentfully diagonally across the roadway away from them, and as he reached the far pavement turned, and said something as rude about a "couple of young punks". Nothing deadly, but something that touched them on the question of their youth. They went after him and knocked him down; when he was down they jumped on him. There were railings close by where he fell and one of the boys held onto the railings and leapt up and down on the man in a kind of frenzy until his head caved in. When the police came to collect the body, he was entirely unrecognizable.

This bizarre, senseless killing took place in a decent neighborhood, and the boys who did it were ordinary middle class boys who had never known misery, hunger, or want. The worst thing that had happened to the worse of the pair was that his novels had been rejected by a publisher. I haven't had a chance to look at the novels, but from what the police have said, and what the boy has said, it's fairly clear why they were turned down. They were written, apparently, in fervent admiration for Mickey Spillane and the slap-their-teeth-out school of fiction.

The young killer had never on his own account read anything decent in his life; he started out with comic books about dream crimes and graduated to pulps, rejecting anything that didn't have killings and beatings in it as too slow. When he started out to have ambitions of his own, it was simply to write the same kind of thing —perhaps a little more so, with the added actuality that movies or television give to a good beating or killing scene. His dream world was quite horribly upside down. Like all adolescents he wanted to force the world to recognize him on his own terms, but instead of wanting to be a great man, a hero, an inventor, a poet, or discoverer of new and exciting things, he just wanted to be a scarred man in a dirty trench coat snarling at the world, being tough with women, and beating or being beaten by men. His dreams, which the movies, television, the comic book publishers and the pulp trade have done their best to make the dreams of his generation, came true on that hot night.

New York was horrified, not so much by the single case but because it came at the end of a long series of such cases — one in which a 16-year-old girl and her 19-year-old lover had murdered her mother because she objected to their cohabitation; another in which two boys under twenty murdered a fisherman on the off chance that he might have something worth having on him — a dozen such cases.

The New York press had been playing these cases up for what they were worth, and more than that—notably the *Daily Mirror* — to distract their readers from Senator McCarthy's embarrassments, and

had created the impression that there was a crime wave. But to tell the truth, the child criminal has become a permanent problem for the city in the past fifteen years, and this string of cases did no more than bring it home to the general public and force it to share the anxieties of the police and the social workers. Most people in their shock reacted as if the problem were something quite new. They forgot, or they were too young to remember, the old-time corner boy. He vanished about the time of World War I, swept away by some uprush of decency stemming from the spread of public education, better conditions, and more amusements.

In the first years of this century the corner boy was an international figure, almost the same in all European countries and in the Americas, nattily dressed in a suit with amazingly thin-legged trousers, with a greased quiff on his forehead, and an ultra smart hat glued to the very back of his head—"I'm Gilbert the filbert, the knut with a K . . ." His guffaws, horse laughs, and idiotic jokes floated out onto the street from the town billiard saloon, from the front of the drug store, or from the steps of the city hall. He specialized in a particularly unpleasant kind of rudeness to women, if they were young because they were attractive, and if they were old because they were no longer so. Something caused him to vanish off the face of the earth in the early twenties, and something equally mysterious has brought him back since the forties — louder, nastier, and a lot less funny.

Profound causes, the state of the world and so forth, may be brought forward, but my own opinion is that it is quite simply a matter of the debasement of popular amusements and entertainments. The old corner boy wanted to be taken for a toff, a man about town, and the new wants to be taken for a thug or a gunman. The change is in the food for thought and imagination which our time offers to its children. In giving up the nineteenth century's belief in heroes and great men on the orders of the pyschologists and the debunkers of the twenties, we may have given up something more precious than we knew.

•

Street Scene

Front doors are like locked lips
Shaded-eye windows resolutely blind
Houses wear frilly aprons front
And garbage pails behind.

Dogs do not bark, nor children dare
This silent as a cemetery grass
While Life a hobo begging breath
Is chloroformed while people pass.

HILDA KIRKWOOD

The Passing Show

Hurry Up and Wait

By Roland Wild

IF AND WHEN UNESCO accepts WOTTLE, the World Organization to Terminate Tiresome Literature Everywhere, it will mean the end of an ingenious brotherhood of Customs and Immigration clerks, a curtailment of the fun at airports, and a lessening of the national spirit of fortitude under provocation. Nevertheless, WOTTLE should be adopted. In essence, it is nothing more than a system of mimeographing all the relevant and irrelevant facts about an air traveller, and letting him dish out copies to everyone who wants them.

The air-traveller, in a typical case, is a hot, damp, tired individual who has just spent five hours in waiting rooms or buses in order to spend one hour in flight. He is burdened with hand baggage. The hotter the climate, the more clothes he has shed, and the more weight he has transferred to those bags laughingly called "overnight cases". He has just been sprayed by a noxious fluid that the officers of the new country feel will slaughter the germs he is importing.

It is at this point, just as he reels through the heat to a fly-infested shed, that a young lady thrusts a piece of paper at him. Passport number, age, purpose of visit, length of stay, next stop, last stop.

Now there is nothing here that he cannot answer. It is the easiest quiz in the world. The only difficulty: it is physically impossible for him to fill in the form.

He may have a pencil. He already knows the passport number, date of issue, and personal peculiarities. He may be able to find a dark corner in which to place his coats and baggage. But the airlines of the Orient have a trick up their sleeves; they refuse to give him any place to write. The best he can hope for is a rough concrete wall.

In Hanoi, Indo-China, I filled in a grey form using a camel-hair coat as backing. Try it some time. In Calcutta, at two a.m. I was able to complete the form without being able to read one of the questions, giving fanciful answers that were found completely satisfactory. The passport number of six digits appeared as my age, and the currency holding appeared as "Bangkok". Nobody cared.

We have been in the air 85 hours from Vancouver to Cairo. Many flights have been of one or two hours duration only. It is due to this that a total of well over 150 hours has been spent travelling to airports, waiting in line-ups for Customs and Immigration, and just waiting.

BOAC

THE FILLERS OF FORMS

The amount of time on his hands might seem to make this a stately and leisurely mode of travel, but the attitude of airport staffs is designed to create nervous wrecks of their passengers. Though frequently calling the customers to the desk three and even four hours before there is any sign of an aircraft, airline clerks are always desperate in their urge for speed. They announce the arrival of Immigration men with bated breath. "Into the passport room with all your baggage!" they command. After another forty minutes delay, they cry in panic, "To the Passport and Medical Control at once!" They are aghast if a burdened passenger adjusts his dress before leaving. Their slogan is the same as the army's: "Hurry up and wait! Hurry up and wait!"

Most companies on international routes seem up to date with the forms to be filled out, and tactfully supply the inevitable slips of paper while the passenger is in the air with nothing to do. Flying into Egypt, for instance, the KLM steward presented three large forms with an apology. Immigration and Customs still took an hour, for there was the inevitable question: "Where are you going next?" And it is inadvisable to reply "Mind your own business", for they might find the extra passport for Israel. The Isle of Cyprus has the best formalities — one small cardboard form, polite police, and a tourist official to telephone ahead for reservations. India has the most impertinent officials, including one who asked, "What are you going to write here?" Iraq had a consul who asked, "Have you ever worked for a Jewish firm?"

WOTTLE, the system of mimeographing all personal information and handing copies out to all and sundry, should cure much of the worries of the air traveller. But it will also, of course, cause mass unemployment among the armies of form inspectors and collectors.

Ottawa Letter

The Busiest and the Newest of the Diplomats

By John A. Stevenson

PERHAPS the busiest of the diplomatic corps in Ottawa is the Hon. Robert Douglas Stuart, who was appointed Ambassador of the United States to Canada in March, 1953. With no other country has Canada such closely intertwined economic, financial and social relations, constantly productive of problems, and no American Ambassador at Ottawa can long afford to eat the bread of idleness.

Mr. Stuart, who is the third appointee to Ottawa of a Republican administration, has many special qualifications for his post. His grandparents were among the numerous emigrants from Scotland, who settled in western Ontario in the middle decades of the last century. His father, Robert Stuart, was born at Ingersoll, in Oxford County, but in his youth emigrated to the United States. So it was at Glencoe in Illinois that the future Ambassador was born on January 20, 1886.

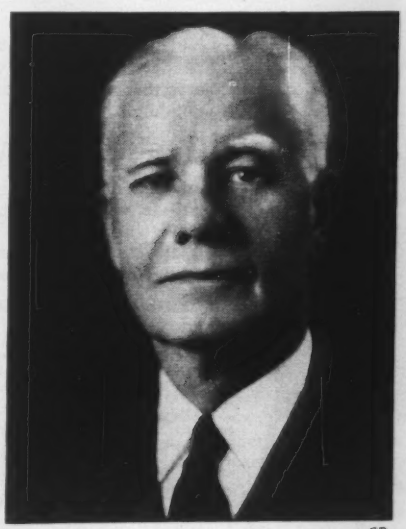
Douglas Stuart received an excellent education at schools in Chicago and New Jersey, and, after taking his degree at Princeton University, entered in 1906 the employment of the Quaker Oats Co. This company soon sent him to work in its Canadian plant at Peterborough, Ont., and his sojourn there, varied as it was with occasional missions to the prairie provinces, equipped him with a working knowledge of Canadian conditions and problems which now stands him in good stead. He showed marked business ability and was transferred to the company's head office in the United States. He became a director of the company in 1918 at the age of 32 and, when he retired from business in 1953, was serving as its President and Vice-Chairman of the Board of Directors. Moreover, his prestige in the business world won him directorates of the First National Bank of Chicago, The Chicago Burlington and Quincy Railroad Co. and several other firms.

A fund of public spirit involved him in a variety of other activities. During World War I he served as an American Red Cross Commissioner in France. He has been President of the Community Fund of Chicago, Honorary President of the Chicago Council of the Boy Scouts of America, a member of the Board of Managers of that city's Presbyterian Hospital and also of the Business Advisory Council, which the American Secretary of Commerce consults at intervals, and he still retains the Chairmanship of the Foundation for American Agriculture.

Always a Republican of liberal views, he took no active part in politics until he was persuaded in 1949 to become Treasurer of the National Republican Committee, and his successful work in that role made a valuable contribution to his party's victory in the Presidential election of 1952.

The Eisenhower administration wanted to have in Ottawa an envoy of sympathetic outlook and with the experience of business administration which would be needed for handling such a complicated practical problem as the co-operative construction of the St. Lawrence Seaway. Douglas Stuart seemed to fill the bill and, having acquired a comfortable fortune, he was ready to renew the pleasant associations of his youth with Canada.

Mr. Stuart has had no formal training in diplomacy, but no former Treasurer of the Republican National Committee can be rosily innocent of the arts of diplomacy and politics. A good-looking, grey-haired man of middle stature, he has been thoroughly at home in Ottawa since the day of his arrival and his natural gift for friendship and complete absence of "side" have in 15 months made him a very popular person in our capital. He makes no pretensions to being an eloquent orator, but he always talks good sense in plain language.



CP

DOUGLAS STUART: At home.

In the discharge of his social duties he has an admirable helpmate in his wife, but they can only enjoy through occasional visits the company of their grown-up son and three daughters. Farming is in Mr. Stuart's blood and he regrets his severance from his fine farm in Illinois, but he is able at Ottawa to gratify his fondness for other forms of outdoor recreation like golf, fishing, and riding.

WENTZEL DU PLESSIS is one of the new recruits to the diplomatic corps. It was only last March that he succeeded Adrian Roberts, QC, as High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa.

Unlike his predecessor Mr. Roberts, Mr. du Plessis is a professional diplomat. He was born in 1906 in Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, and educated there. After he secured his B.A. degree at the University of South Africa, where he specialized in politics and ethics, he entered his country's civil service as an official of the Department of Lands.

His abilities attracted the notice of Premier J. B. M. Hertzog, who took him into his entourage as assistant private secretary, but he soon returned to his own department. However, when Hertzog, after the Imperial Conference of 1926, decided to create a Department of External Affairs he picked du Plessis as one of its first officials, and took him to the Imperial Conference of 1930 as administrative secretary of the South African delegation.

Hertzog kept du Plessis for three years as his private secretary, but du Plessis still preferred diplomacy to politics and served from 1934 to 1938 as secretary to the South African Legation in Holland. In 1938 he was given charge of the division of diplomatic and consular affairs at Pretoria and held this important post for the next seven years, until the ardor of his nationalist convictions caused his voluntary retirement in 1945.

He had joined an organization called the Broederbond, composed of extreme Dutch racialists, and its activities became so objectionable to Field Marshal Smuts, who had replaced Hertzog as Prime Minister in 1940, that he forbade public servants to belong to it. Du Plessis felt that this ban was unjust and rather than submit to it he tendered his resignation. But he soon found congenial and profitable scope for his abilities in Pretoria as the director of several commercial companies, and when the general election of 1948 came around, he won a Transvaal division for the Nationalist Party.

Diplomacy, however, was always his first love and his long experience in the Department of External Affairs has given him a fine equipment for his new post in Ottawa, where he is now busy trying to find his feet.

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Books

The Old Master and the Young One

By Robertson Davies

ONE OF THE ODD things about being a book critic in Canada is that few books by authors of established reputation reach you while you still have an open mind about them. The English or the American reviewers—perhaps both—have had their say weeks and even months before the book reaches your desk. If you read the English and American reviews, as I do, how can you honestly approach a book by one of the greatest living masters without some preconceptions about it? It is one of the penalties of living in a great, free prosperous land which is still something of an intellectual backwater. And thus I picked up *The Black Swan* by Thomas Mann, expecting it to be a failure.

The American critics whose appreciations of the book that I have read have let it down gently; the great, the respected Doctor, they implied, is moving toward his eightieth year, and it is not to be expected that the fountain which gave us *Buddenbrooks, The Magic Mountain,* the *Joseph* trilogy and *Doctor Faustus* should continue in this great strain indefinitely. *The Black Swan,* it was hinted, was rather an embarrassing affair.

And so I took it up with little anticipation, for I have never been well attuned to the greatest of Mann's work, and some of it I find incomprehensible. Further, I shrink from the embarrassment of a great man's failures. But I had not read many pages of this short novel before I decided that the critics whom I had read had either missed the point, or did not like it when they saw it. *The Black Swan,* in my opinion, is not Mann at the very top of his form, but it is a book that no other living author could have produced. The old sorcerer is far from forgetting his cunning.

The story tells of a Frau Rosalie von Tümmler, widow of a German officer, who falls in love with a young American, Ken Keaton, who gives lessons in English to her son. But Rosalie is in her change of life, and is oppressed by the thought that romantic love is no longer for her. Under the influence of her passion she experiences what she believes to be a resurrection of her womanhood; when at last the consummation of her love is near she collapses, and it is discovered that what she took for a return of her womanhood was in fact a haemorrhage from an advanced cancer, which quickly kills her.

This is not a pretty tale to hear, nor an easy tale to tell. And indeed, we may ask, why tell it at all? But when Mann brings the full force of his irony and his pity to bear upon it, elements of greatness are revealed in it. Frau Rosalie is a silly woman, perhaps, but she is a Yea-sayer; in spite of the upper middle-class frame into which her life is pressed, she worships life and seeks its sensations hungrily. We are told of her old-fashioned and romantic notions about art, and these are contrasted with the modern and intellectual opinions of her daughter Anna, who has a club foot and has, at twenty-nine, shut romance out of her life. Rosalie worships Nature; Anna thinks of Nature merely as disorderly raw material for her abstract paintings. Rosalie, in fact, is alive and Anna, to all intents, is dead. And of course it is Anna who tries to dissuade her mother from her last disastrous adventure in sex.

Eliott Erwitt

THOMAS MANN: Acknowledged master.

Like all of Mann's work, the story is full of symbolism. And the irony with which it is written seems all to be directed against the foolish Rosalie, who will not face what we are pleased to call facts. But in the last page of the book the dying woman says to her wise daughter: "Nature —I have always loved her, and she—has been loving to her child". Rosalie has accepted the bitter trick which her body has played on her as a blessing, because it has given her the happiness of a last love. In the battle between Life and Death which rages in every heart, she has put herself triumphantly on the side of Life, and has plucked a victory out of an apparent defeat.

How anyone, in reading the book, could miss this, I do not see, but apparently some highly gifted book-tasters have done so.

The story is the work of a master, and it recalls his much greater but not dissimilar story, *Death In Venice*—one of the greatest stories written by a living author. It is not a story for children, or for those in search of easy romance, but it is most decidedly a story for readers who will bring to it the attentive spirit and the sense of the greatness and mystery of life which it demands. From the pen of a new writer, it would make his reputation; from the pen of an acknowledged master it takes nothing from a reputation without rival in our time.

HAVING DONE, I hope, proper honor to an old master, let me speak in praise of a new one. He is Aubrey Menen, who first came to notice a few years ago with a very witty, wise but disordered book called *The Prevalence of Witches.* Since then he has published three novels, *The Backward Bride, The Duke of Gallodoro,* and *The Stumbling Stone,* none of which was comparable to his first effort, though all had good points. But his latest book *Rama Retold,* is a first-rate piece of work, and if it does not make him a great reputation now, it will do so when the public wakes up to what it is.

It is a prose rendering of the Hindu *Epic of Rama,* which was written about 2,500 years ago. Anyone who is interested may find a condensed version of Romesh Dutt's translation in a book called *The Wisdom of China and India,* edited by Lin Yutang, published by Random House in 1942. Prince Rama, unjustly suspected of seeking his father's throne, flees with his wife Sita and his brother Luxmun and falls in with a wise hermit, Valmiki; after years of exile, Sita is abducted by the tyrant Ravan, is rescued, easily passes a test of chastity, and Rama returns to his kingdom in triumph.

Thus the *Ramayana,* one of the greatest Eastern epics and roughly as old as Homer. But, says Mr. Menen, the adventures of Rama have been greatly misrepresented by the Brahmins, who have used the poem as a means of furthering their own ethical and social opinions. Not being a Brahmin himself (though he is half Indian, and half Irish) he has sought to restore the tale to its original state, as written by the poet Valmiki. The result is a wonderful satire.

Perhaps my own pleasure in it springs too much from the fact that I have always found Indian mysticism baffling.

Hitherto I have humbly believed that this was a result of my own lack of aptitude for mysticism, combined with a certain measure of stupidity and levity. Mr. Menen gives me hope; he has little reverence for Hindu mysticism, and as he is half a Hindu and wholly a clever man I feel that he must know at least something about the matter.

Please do not think that *Rama Retold* is a crude mockery of a great and ancient story. There is nothing whatever that is cheap or tawdry or jeering about it. It is an application of what Mr. Menen tells us is Indian sceptical realism, to Indian mysticism. I should judge that the relation between this and the original is much the same as that between Homer, and Offenbach's *La Belle Hélène*, even though it makes free with Homer. And there is a wealth of wisdom and humor in *Rama Retold*.

The book is written with great style and charm. It reminds me somewhat of those now undervalued books by Ernest Bramah about Kai-Lung, the Chinese story-teller; their admirers made too much of them, but they had fine qualities. *Rama Retold* is not cast in the high-flown language of Kai-Lung, but the penetrating humor, and the dryness of the narrative style, rouse an echo. *Rama Retold* is, of its kind, a little masterpiece.

THE BLACK SWAN—by Thomas Mann—pp. 141—*McClelland & Stewart*—$3.25.
RAMA RETOLD—by Aubrey Menen—pp. 247—*Clarke Irwin*—$2.50.

In Brief

JOHN KEATS: THE LIVING YEAR: September 21, 1818 to September 21, 1819—by Robert Gittings—pp. 199, notes, index, illustrations, bibliography—*British Book Service*—$3.75.

This is the kind of book which results from experiencing an author so deeply and intimately that he becomes for the critic or biographer a second self. The special requirements of this method are a fine balance of emotions and intellect in the critic, and time, much time. This process must follow the pattern of life itself and be allowed to grow. Such books are rare since this method suits only a certain critical temperament.

Mr. Gittings describes Keats's most vivid year as a man and as a poet in his personal relations with his family, friends and business acquaintances, in his reading and poetic method, in his love affairs, his ambition for fame, in his struggles with flesh and spirit. This most active year is re-lived day by day and brought very close. After the intensity of his living year Keats laid down his pen and wrote no more: his early death was a year and a half distant.

Mr. Gittings book is based on patient, scholarly searching to which he has applied his romantic imagination with discretion. In some instances the borderline between fact and fiction is indistinct, but the scholars may be trusted to clarify such points while the general reader revels in the enjoyment of a fascinating book.

THE THREE VOICES OF POETRY—by T. S. Eliot—pp. 24—*Macmillan*—.70.

In the National Book League Annual Lecture for 1953, Mr. Eliot speaks to the reader of poetry about the single and combined effects of the poet talking to himself, addressing other people, and using the voice of a dramatic character of his own creation. Some profound thoughts about literary method are embodied in this well-wrought and amusing discourse, which retains on the printed page the sound of the speaker's voice.

BBC

T. S. ELIOT: Profound thoughts.

GOETHE'S FAUST: Six Essays—by Barker Fairley—pp. 129, index — *Oxford University Press*—$2.00.

Professor Fairley's analysis of Faust is founded, as is its subject, on a profound paradox which has the deep ring of truth. Faust is a play which proves to be rather an epic with dramatic elements, the whole informed with the purest lyrical inspiration. The powerful characters in this lyrical epic-drama, like the characters in Shakespeare's last plays, approach the universality of symbols which speak to men with the utmost directness. This great work gathers up the past and incorporates it in the present. It grew and changed its shape with Goethe's own long life, and ended only when that life came to a close. Both the life and the poem were capable of infinite expansiveness.

These essays have the pleasant conversational quality of the lectures they were originally meant to be, as well as the intrinsic worth of criticism that is the refinement of deep feeling and wide-ranging thought about Germany's great poem.

THE WORLD IS SIX FEET SQUARE—by Alan Caillou—pp. 214—*British Book Service*—$3.00.

Captured in the North African desert and eventually flown to Italy, Alan Caillou spent most of his imprisonment in Gaeta, a civilian prison near Rome. As he and his companions had been wearing Arab cloaks over their British uniforms at the time of their capture behind the Italian lines, they were sentenced to death as spies, and it was lucky for them that the Allies invaded Italy.

The main interest of this story is less in the facts of the escape than in the descriptions of human character at the subhuman level of condemned criminals. The author gives everyone, including himself, realistic, unsentimental treatment. If it were fiction, it could be Hemingway.

M. A. H.

REACH FOR THE SKY—by Paul Brickhill—pp. 384—*Collins*—$3.50.

"Bader's sense of discipline was deep-rooted when it was a matter of obeying an order from Bader, or from anyone whom he respected; it was less predictable in some other circumstances." The author of *The Dam Busters* turns his research, journalistic eye and lively pen on the legless RAF hero, Douglas Bader. He makes this shrewd assessment of him midway through the biography, when Bader was the dynamic new Acting Squadron Leader of the Canadian squadron in England in 1940. It is an excellent life-story of a man of great courage, a report on the kind of heroism that war throws up but that peace-time can hardly bear. It is told with art and a fellow-flier's admiration. A book that will not let you go to sleep until you have finished it.

THE WRITING OF AMERICAN HISTORY—by Michael Kraus—pp. 387 indexed—*Burns & MacEachern*—$6.95.

The mass of American material touched on in this historian's history may show what is ahead for Canadian historiography, which has had only half a century, compared with the two of the U.S. Our Sparks, our Bancroft we may have had, for we have had Pope, Wrong and Skelton. But we have not had a Hildreth proud of "bursting the thin, shining bubble so assiduously blown up by so many windy mouths, of a colonial age of fabulous purity and virtue". On the other hand, Canada's period of historical writing being shorter, we have not had "so many windy mouths". Parkman gets a whole chapter, just before "The Rise of the 'Scientific School' ".

T. J. A.

GENE FOWLER while working on the life story of Barrymore (1943). *Photo by Phil Ellison*

Minutes of the Last Meeting Hunger in Philadelphia

By GENE FOWLER: PART IV

MY ALMOST unreadable notes (I began life left-handed, but teachers who knew best imposed their orthodox runes upon me) make it difficult for me to decide whether it was in June or July of 1940 that Sadakichi, Decker, and I called at Barrymore's studio dressing room. Whatever the month or the day, we found Jack in a *Hamlet* costume, drinking Coca-Cola from one of a dozen bottles stacked in a tub of ice. He was waiting between scenes for a call to play a burlesque role in *The Great Profile*.

Sadakichi had been sniffing at one of the empty bottles. "There was something else in this. Eh?"

"The property man is a good friend of mine," Barrymore winked. "Spikes the medium with booze, recaps the pretty bottles, then brings 'em to me in this tub of ice. We are taking out a patent."

"Thought you were off the hard stuff?" said Decker.

"I shall quote Milton's phrase," Jack replied. " 'Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse.' " He then asked me, "How are you getting on with our noble Sadakichi's memoirs?"

"We have been exploring his Philadelphia days — from 1882 until 1885."

"Excellent! Excellent!" The actor turned to Hartmann. "It seems we both arrived in Philadelphia the same year, only I came by way of the stork. Did you find it the city of brotherly, or perchance sisterly love?"

"I knew absolutely nothing of sex or of business at that time," said Sadakichi. "Any objection?"

"None at all." Jack nodded in my direction. "Make copious notes. Our friend must have starved in several important ways."

"I did starve," said Sadakichi, "in all ways."

Upon his arrival in Philadelphia he had gone to the home of a granduncle in Buttonwood Street, where he was given lodgings in the attic. The granduncle found a job for him at three dollars a week as porter for a firm of lithographers, then charged him three dollars for room and board.

Sadakichi went to night school in Philadelphia; frequented secondhand bookshops; and when his grandmother occasionally sent him a few dollars from Hamburg spent all on books.

His granduncle died some nine months after Sadakichi's arrival. He moved away from Buttonwood Street, obtained a job with a tombstone designer, and after that became a retoucher of photographic negatives. In his off-hours he visited the Philadelphia Museum of Fine Arts, where he met Carl Weber, painter of sheep and apple blossoms.

"If you were so hungry in Philadelphia, why didn't you call on my grandmother, Mrs. Drew? She fed whole regiments," Barrymore said.

Sadakichi drank a toast to Mrs. Drew's memory. "She once gave me some cinnamon buns and milk and a pass to the Arch Street Theatre to see Edwin Booth." He could not resist another thrust at Jack. "Booth was a *real* actor."

"And so are you," said Jack. "But you were speaking of food, or the lack of it."

"The trouble is," Sadakichi said, "that people eat either too much or not enough. Half of humanity, or more, cannot afford varied and proper nourishment. The other half gorges itself into chronic dyspepsia. I am acquainted with both methods. I have starved in many cities; among them, Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Paris, San Francisco, and London. Of course, in London the cooking was so bad that it was much easier to do without food."

In Philadelphia he had hungered for days at a time. He recalled one ten-day fast during which he had had a loaf of stale bread, nothing else. "It was hard as a rock, that bread. I soaked it in water and munched small pieces until it was gone. On the third day the mind becomes deranged; one wishes to smash things or scream. Then follow periods of languor, a feeling of calmness and deep lethargy, with pains in the stomach at the accustomed meal hours. I had no fat to fall back upon. This ten-day fast, and others of lesser duration, contributed toward making me an invalid."

SHE INTERRUPTED the recital of his privations to say to me, "I want you to buy a coffin and send it to my house in Banning."

"Have you a tryst with Charon?" Decker asked.

"You cannot understand my desire for a coffin," said our hero. "Not with that sheepshead on your shoulders. Hah!"

"A coffin, eh?" Barrymore pretended great concern. "Until now I had assumed that the immortal Sadakichi would solo like Elijah in a flaming chariot." As an afterthought he added, "A vehicle donated by William Farnum or the fire-insured producers of *Ben Hur*."

Sadakichi dismissed Jack's words with

a contemptuous flick of the hand. "I shall use the coffin by day as a desk upon which to write poems and by night as a couch."

"He has a practical side after all," Decker observed.

Sadakichi returned to the subject of hunger. On one occasion during his Philadelphia days he received a remittance from his grandmother and bought books instead of food. He read all that night and late into the morning. He would have read on and on, but the smell of bread being baked by his landlady in the downstairs kitchen filtered through his meditations. "I found some relief," he said, "by reading a book on the famines of China."

The owner of a bookstore where Sadakichi frequently looked for bargains happened to find ten cents in stamps that Hartmann had mislaid on one of his visits. Since the young poet had not put in an appearance for the past ten days the bookseller sent an errand boy to Hartmann's place, with the stamps and a note to ask if he was ill.

Sadakichi invested the stamps in a mince pie, ate it, and became quite ill. "When I recovered," he said, "this bookstore man sent me to Camden to see his good friend Walt Whitman, greatest of modern prophets."

"Someone told me," Decker commented mischievously, "that Whitman gave you the brush-off."

This remark enraged Sadakichi. "Hearsay is the mother of discord," he rasped. "It appears that you would rather lose a friend than a jest. Hah!"

The next day, still piqued by Decker's reference to Whitman's anger, and without even saying "Hello" (meaning good-by, of course), Sadakichi vanished from his hotel. A clerk said his guest had cashed my weekly one-hundred dollar check and left me a note scribbled in archaic but legible handwriting: "Get *two* coffins—one for yourself."

Several days later Decker, his wife Phyllis, and I motored to Banning to see the old fellow. This California town lies eighty-three miles southeast of Los Angeles, just this side of Palm Springs and the desert. There, on a blistering hot day, we found Sadakichi, wrapped in an overcoat, puttering and muttering outside his Indian reservation hut.

That night, at the Banning hotel, Sadakichi again spoke of his Whitman days. He assessed me fifty dollars for a typed copy of his thirteen-thousand-word pamphlet *Conversations with Walt Whitman* (published in 1895).

This pamphlet was an expanded version of an article written by Sadakichi in 1887 for the *New York Herald*. The newspaper account had caused the Good Gray Poet much embarrassment, it is said. Hartmann had quoted Whitman in regard to several contemporary men of letters, and these quotations had irked the poet. Among them were the following: "Emerson's deficiency is that he doubts everything." And of Oliver Wendell Holmes: "He serves his humour in a dainty fashion. Witty, smart; not first rank and not second rank." And of Mark Twain: "It seems to me as if he produces nothing new. An imitator. Was Washington Irving anything but a clever English essayist?" And, worst of all to Whitman's way of thinking, Hartmann's version of what the poet said of Stedman: "He is after all nothing but a sophisticated dancing master. If Hercules or Apollo himself would make their appearance, Stedman would look at them only from the standpoint of a dancing master."

In a yellowed newspaper clipping of uncertain origin but upon which I saw

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JOHN BARRYMORE and his Afghan bitch, Viola, on the grounds of the Tower Road estate, a few months before Barrymore's death in 1942.

penciled-in September 14, 1888—a relic Sadakichi refused to part with, even for ten dollars, but permitted me to copy for a fee to that amount—Whitman was quoted as having said, "I have more hopes of Hartmann, more faith in him than in any of the boys. They all seem to regard him as a humbug—or if not that, a sensationalist anyhow, or an adventurer. I can't see it that way. I expect good things from him—extra good things; not great, but good."

Then, as if to reverse his favorable opinion of Sadakichi (perhaps Whitman meantime had read the *Herald* article), the old poet was quoted in a subsequent newspaper clipping (this one cost me a fiver) as having said, "But there was Hartmann—he too did some business of the reporting sort. He gave some of his notes to Kennedy (Dr. William Sloan Kennedy), who sent them to me. They were absurdly warped: everything that should have been straight was c[illegible]ked."

Whitman in his last years [illegible] yet another complaint against Sadaki[illegible]: the impulsive young man had bobbe[illegible]up in New England to establish a Walt [illegible]itman Society to solicit funds for the ag[illegible] poet. Hartmann, of course, had appoin[illegible] himself treasurer.

"Whittier gave me five dollars [illegible] the Whitman Society," Sadakichi told[illegible]e at Banning, "but was worried le[illegible] such patronage if generally known, [illegible]might cause the public to think [illegible] he approved of Whitman's realistic [illegible]scriptions of the human body. Whittier [illegible]d on a long linen duster the day I ca[illegible]d on him. He gave me five silver dol[illegible]s but warned, 'I want it clearly understo[illegible]l that my name is not to be mentioned [illegible] connection with Walt's.'" Sadakichi added sardonically, "His name never *will* be mentioned with Whitman's."

It was in November of 1884 that Hartmann paid the first of his many visits to Whitman. The caller was then in his nineteenth year, and so great was his excitement that he took the wrong ferryboat across the Delaware River from Philadelphia to Camden and landed some distance upstream from Whitman's two-story frame house on Mickle Street.

It was a disagreeable day, Hartmann recalled, with the snow thawing under a strong wind. In reply to his knock the front door opened, and Sadakichi saw standing before him an old man with a long gray beard spread over his naked breast.

Sadakichi reported the scene in part as follows: "He led me into the small and humble two-windowed little parlor, with its chilly atmosphere, as no fire was lit, and everything in great disorder. The first color impression of the interior was a frugal gray.

"He sat down at the right-hand window, where he was generally to be seen by outsiders, with his face turned toward the street. Inside the parlor a visitor would sit on the opposite side of the room. Between host and guest stood a table covered with books, magazines, circulars, manuscripts, piled in topsy-turvy fashion; and here and there odd pieces of furniture, a trunk, a large heap of his own publications, loomed up like rocks.

"On the mantelpiece stood an old clock surrounded by photographs of celebrities and friends. At the time of my first visit apples and onions were scattered about on the mantel. At one side of it hung a portrait of his father, and on the other side that of his mother: two strong, highly interesting physiognomies."

BEFORE the *Herald* article S[illegible]akichi served occasionally as a lett[illegible]-writer for Whitman. He would translate [illegible]d then reply to greetings sent the poe[illegible] in the German language. The Whitm[illegible]n experience seems to have given Sac[illegible]ichi a

taste for ing into the good graces (and then, of urse, out of them) of many men of p e note.

Blessed ith a roster of such names as Maurice aeterlinck, Mallarmé, Heyse, Pierre L Zola, and a number of others, and with most retentive memory for confiden inspiring details drawn from the lette young Hartmann felt he could hit the pot, so to speak, of immediate friendly ceptance in European salons. He begg borrowed, connived, sold his books, a even denied himself food to accumul funds for the enterprise.

Fortun ely for him there was an amazing ate-war going on among the steamship companies. For the ridiculously cheap pri of seven dollars he not only obtained passage, third class on the Red Star Line, from New York to Antwerp, Belgium, but, oddly enough, his railroad fare from Philadelphia to New York as well. After a night at the Astor House in downtown New York he was advised by a genial stranger to go to a money exchange on the Bowery, where he could turn his greenbacks into French money at a great advantage to him.

With the zeal of a big-game hunter, he left for Europe in 1885, to begin his first safari in search of artistic lions.

After a fifteen-day voyage through stormy February seas, during which he slept with his clothes on and his hands in his pockets to keep his many coins from rolling to the steerage deck, he arrived in Antwerp.

At the Hotel Antoine, an expensive place for those days, he engaged a room, ordered soap and a bath, dressed in a clean spare suit, and proceeded to the dining room to have the best of wine and food. He next went to the Opera House, where *The Huguenots* was billed. When he put down two of his five-franc pieces for a boxseat the ticket-seller sent for the police. These, and all other pieces of money he had obtained at the Bowery exchange, were counterfeit.

Sadakichi managed to explain his way out of jail, pawned his valise, and borrowed enough money from an American traveler to go third class to Hamburg. There his grandmother fed him, outfitted him with new clothes and luggage, and paid his railway fare to Paris.

He may have traveled third class on the steamship and the railway, but he traveled first class in the salons of memories of the Academy—until ejected.

"The couldn't stand his pipe," Barrymore said. "It was Vesuvius, with halitosis."

This is the fourth of ten excerpts from "Minutes of the Last Meeting", by Gene Fowler. Copyright 1954 by Gene Fowler. A Viking Press book published in Canada by The Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd. (pp. 277, $4.50). The fifth instalment will appear in next week's issue.

Chess Problem

By "Centaur"

THE REV. HENRY AUGUSTUS LOVEDAY, composer of the famous Indian Problem, was born at Barrackpore, India, on August 3, 1815. He was the youngest of a family of eight children, all born in India, to General Lambert Richard Loveday and his wife, née Anne Louise d'Esterre.

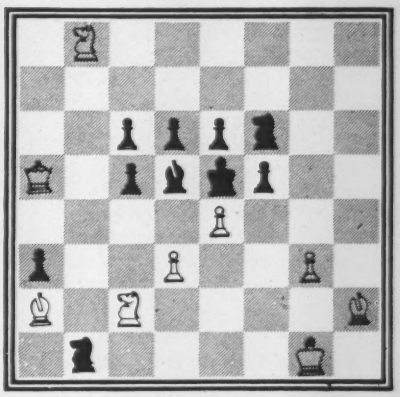
General Loveday retired and left for Bath, England, in 1824, so that Henry A. lived in India until after his ninth birthday. The general died in 1843, age 81, and his wife in 1867, age 84.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 79.

Key-move 1. R-K4, threatening 2.QxP mate. If P-Q3; 2.R-Q4 mate. If Kt-B4; 2.R-K5 mate. If Q-Kt5; 2.QxB mate. If Q-B4; 2.QxQ mate. If KtxB; 2.Q-B4 mate. If KtxR; 2.B-R2 mate. If B-B3; 2.Kt-B7 mate. If Kt-B2; 2.Kt-B6 mate. If Q-Kt4; 2.Kt-B3 mate.

PROBLEM NO. 80, by W. J. Faulkner

Black—Ten Pieces.



White—Nine Pieces.

White mates in two.

Loose Your Wits!

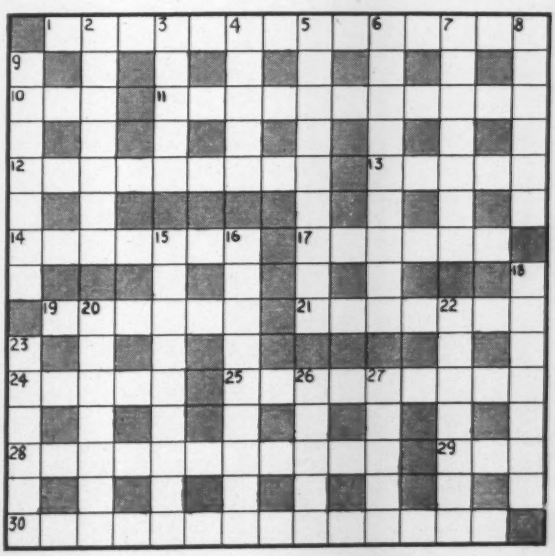
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. Held by Tyrone on a tightrope? (7,2,5)
10. Don't, don't finish! (3)
11. Racket started by god and devil. (11)
12. He should go places! (9)
13. Your choice between them will not be good. (5)
14. The gardener turning over our beds may produce one. (7)
17. Is it true about the dog losing heart? (6)
19. Having eaten it, its pit may back up and run around inside. (6)
21. Stephen Foster's was beautiful. (7)
24. It takes 10 keys to make another name for them. (5)
25. e.g. back to front and in and out. (9)
28. Will a cat get her in the end?—29 wrote. (5,6)
29. See 28. (3)
30. No, Drew looked different after little more than a week? Amazing! (4-4,6)

DOWN

2. Grown every 8760 hours? (7)
3. A sample, for example, will provide twice as much as is needed. (5)
4. For the key to this, think of locks. (5)
5. Don't expect too much from a Red voter. (9)
6. Novel, for example, with a cute ending. (9)
7. Yet it's often the hungry customer that is. (7)
8. Negligent concerning a girl? (6)
9. Those who get credit or spend freely can't do without them. (7)
15. One place where the playing of "The Queen" makes the . . . (9)
16. Cyrus, in short, got it at graduation by using tact. (9)
18. One should have no misgivings about his holdings. (7)
20. Start up, between Alpha and Omega, and on to the end. (7)
22. This painter holds his own as times change. (7)
23. He tried to make monkeys of us all. (6)
26. PGBS! (5)
27. She gave Sir 'Enry 'Awkins his start. (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. The road to ruin
10. Options
11. Branded
12. Drovers
13. Cabbage
14. Tito
15. Oslo
16. Death
19. Roman
21. Dame
23. Scan
26. Durance
27. Macadam
28. Ruinous
29. Oblongs
30. One for the road

DOWN

2. Hotfoot
3. Rhodes
4. Assists
5. Tobacco
6. Roadbeds
7. Indiana
8. Roadster
9. Edge
17. Hindmost
18. On and off
20. Martian
21. Dreiser
22. Mammoth
24. Cadenza
25. Ocular
26. Dora

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Films

Murder With Tact

By Mary Lowrey Ross

DIRECTOR ALFRED HITCHCOCK always uses his camera imaginatively, and this means that he is prepared to employ it when necessary, as a precision instrument working within the closest possible range, as he did in *Rope* and *Lifeboat*. The results, even when photographically static, are nearly always interesting to watch.

In his current thriller *Dial M for Murder*, the action takes place largely in the hero's mind, a devious and fascinating locale. This is stage technique and Director Hitchcock applies it with precision, style and few alterations beyond a change in cast. It works out very satisfactorily, for the original drama was so tightly and skilfully constructed that mere camera mobility could add little to its interest. Even the longer stretches of dialogue such as the one in which the hero tactfully involves his old Cambridge classmate in his murder plans, are theatrically so sound that any fanciful camera work would be an officious intrusion.

Ray Milland is cast here as the gentlemanly murderer with whom any girl would be safe in a dark alley, unless, like the heroine, she happened to stray into the more sinister alley of his imagination. Grace Kelly plays the wife and contrives to make herself an appealing figure, though it is hard to understand how she could have lived with her retired tennis player for any length of time without recognizing him as a man of dangerous vision. Anthony Dawson repeats his Broadway role as the hired strangler, and John Williams, as a Scotland Yard investigator, rounds out a well-bred group whose chief characteristic, up to and sometimes beyond the point of murder, is unshatterable tact. You aren't likely to find smoother work anywhere, in more disturbing company.

Indiscretion of an American Wife has an authentic Roman setting and was directed by Vittorio de Sica. Mr. de Sica, a fervent documentarian, has photographed the entire affair in a vast Roman station. It's a lively and gregarious place, filled with queues of schoolboys, corps of singing soldiers, whole colleges of priests, and detached individuals, all passionately interested in each other's affairs. On the whole, what goes on in the station seems a good deal more interesting than what goes on in the mind of the hero and heroine (Jennifer Jones and Montgomery Clift). They're in love and the heroine has to decide between her husband and young daughter and her lover—a difficult choice, it seems, even after the hot-blooded Giovanni has smacked her loudly and publicly in the face.

Early in the discussion Miss Jones handed over her suitcase and coat to a porter and then wandered off and forgot about them. This sort of thing doesn't bother movie heroines, but it bothered me and

Warner Bros.

RAY MILLAND: Gentlemanly murderer.

most of my concern through a large part of the film had to do with the fate of the heroine's Christian Dior wardrobe and mink coat. Then she was always on the point of missing her train and as a rigid observer of timetables this, too, kept me uneasy. I was interested in *Indiscretion of an American Wife* in a nervous sort of way, but mostly for the wrong reasons.

Three Coins in the Fountain is largely a travelogue, and an excellent one. The chief trouble is the story, which keeps getting in the way of the lovely Roman scenery almost as intrusively as some restless movie-goer in the seat ahead.

The setting is Rome, but there are side excursions to Venice and Tivoli, as well as into the Italian countryside. These are all photographed in Adriatic greys and melting Mediterranean blues, very soothing to watch. Unhappily, the people who occupy the foreground of all this attractive scenery are neither soothing nor stimulating. They are three American secretaries (Dorothy McGuire, Jean Peters and Maggie McNamara) with their assorted beaux (Clifton Webb, Rossano Brazzi and Louis Jourdan). The girls are all bent on matrimony, and the story soon turns into an exercise on how to get your man. (You simply choose him bow-legged.)

Dorothy McGuire wants to marry her employer (Clifton Webb), a distinguished American novelist who has lived so long in Italy that his American public believes him to be as dead as F. Marion Crawford, an assumption that Mr. Webb's performance does little to correct. Jean Peters would be satisfied with Rossano Brazzi, a poor but handsome Italian interpreter employed in her office. Maggie McNamara has set her sights on a real Roman Prince (Louis Jourdan). None of the male trio is able to put up more than a token resistance, and in the end the lira that the girls invest in the Trevi wishing fountain pays off with a triple happy ending. With all this busy nonsense going on, the world of ancient grace remains serene and oblivious in the background. It, at least, is worth attention.

The Long Wait is a Mickey Spillane film, which means its characters die like flies and are almost as noxious.

Mickey Spillane has been recommended by a variety of people, including some serious thinkers. I find myself in the opposite class, which feels that his collected works could be towed out to sea on a suitable barge, with no loss to the reading public or anyone else.

In *The French Line* we have Jane Russell as a jilted oil heiress who sets off for Paris in the hope of meeting someone who will love her in spite of her Texas millions. During the picture the star (1) does a mild striptease behind a large pink Turkish towel, (2) gets tight, (3) indulges in two bump and grind numbers, and (4) models a series of the most flamboyantly tasteless clothes ever put out by a Hollywood designer.

The clothes are designed to draw attention to the star's celebrated contours. So is the dialogue, which consists largely of double meanings. The story has to do with the heiress's attempts to capture the love of a shoulder-kissing Frenchman (Gilbert Roland) whose eye tends to rove every time the heiress pops into her cabin for a change of clothes. If the clothes themselves represent Hollywood's notion of Texas chic, then that notoriously sensitive state has every reason to protest—especially at that green satin number with the coque feather trim.

Current Account

High Fidelity: Today's Achievements

By Harry F. Olson

OUR "HIGH-FIDELITY" is a term used today to describe the finest musical reproduction you can hear. Actually, it is a relative term since there are no fixed standards, either artistic or technical, by which the reproduction of sound can be judged. However, as applied to recording and record-reproducing instruments, high fidelity means reproduction so realistic that the illusion of being present at the actual performance is created.

High-fidelity sound equipment dates from the commercial development of the phonograph and record which began at the turn of the century. As far back as 1877, Thomas A. Edison claimed that the sound emitted by his phonograph was "absolutely perfect". With each innovation, throughout the 77-year history of recording machines, virtual perfection was thought to have been achieved, whereas each improvement was only "high fidelity" by comparison. Even tape, which is extensively used today as the medium for recording original performances and is largely responsible for the current standard of high fidelity, was recognized as a recording possibility in 1900 in London. However, it is interesting to note that the experiments with wire and tape were viewed with pessimism by experts of the day.

Real strides toward today's achievement were begun in the mid-twenties when sound came to the movies. Nowhere in recorded sound was the need for improvement so great as in these first talking pictures, and nowhere was progress so dramatic as in the technical advances which soon followed. Existing sound recording and reproduction equipment did not meet the requirements of the new medium, but the Radio Corporation of America and similar organizations were even then busy with the development of special equipment and techniques. In 1928 the noise-free vinyl plastic record material was introduced. Following on the heels of vinyl plastic were the sensitive directional velocity microphone, optical recording with ultra-violet light and the highly selective unidirectional microphone. Keeping abreast with these advances were pick-up equipment, amplifiers, and cellular loud-speakers for theatres.

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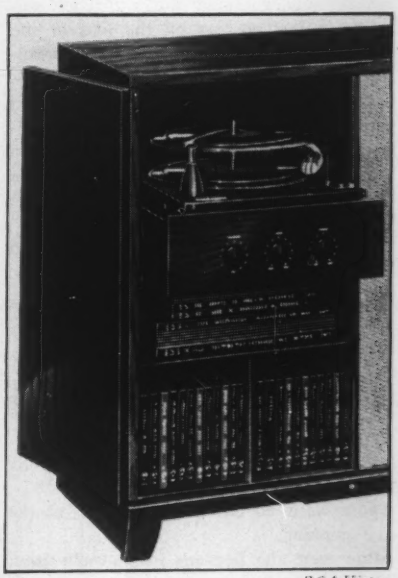
Dr. Olson is director of the acoustical research laboratory at RCA's David Sarnoff Research Centre, Princeton, NJ.

Once the movie sound tracks were improved and out of the "squawky" category, the new principles were adapted to the needs of radio broadcasting and to the development of improved equipment especially designed for broadcast use. In 1932, the double voice coils loudspeaker, which was the first extended range loudspeaker to be introduced commercially, presaged high fidelity as we know it.

It also ushered in the so-called "hi-fi movement". Such equipment became known professionally as "broadcast quality" equipment and interested people, mostly a few radio communications engineers, began using this equipment to build music reproducing systems in their homes. The results they achieved were superb but, unfortunately, beyond the reach of most music-lovers. But engineers converted their friends to this superior sound and they, in turn, went out in search of equipment. It soon became available in smaller-than-professional size but was still exceedingly expensive. So for years, high fidelity was available only to professionals and to those who could afford the expensive individual component parts.



RCA Victor

THE OUTGROWTH of research.

Eight years ago, an important event in the evolution of today's hi-fi occurred. The use of magnetic tape was adopted in recording. This permitted the capture of a wider range of sound frequencies with less noise and distortion, as well as greater flexibility in editing. Wide-range recording with a minimum of noise and distortion is essential to high-fidelity reproduction, since hi-fi means true reproduction of all the elements of the original sound.

Equally important that year was the introduction of the first commercial records made of noise-free vinyl plastic. These two developments were followed by the advent of the extended or long-play system of recorded music in 1949, the improved long-play system in 1950, and the uniaxial or directional commercial microphone.

Again, these phenomenal advances were the direct outgrowth of earlier research. In 1908, Edison, affected by criticism that his records did not play long enough, introduced cylinders that played four and a half minutes. The "rollers" were not a success, however, as the lines were too close together and the grooves merged after being played. The inventor introduced his unbreakable Blue Amberol cylinders in 1912. It is said that these records have never been excelled for clarity and noiseless surfaces. That same year an English company brought out a 12-inch vertical-cut record, played with a steel needle, which ran more than eight minutes to a side—a real milestone in the history of long-playing development.

IN THE FIELD of recording methods, great advances were made when electrical recording came on the scene in 1925. Although the method gave an "edge" to voices and caused more surface noise, its increased range and volume allowed many to overlook the faults. For a while, the Orthophonic Victrola, the Viva-Tonal Columbia and the Brunswick Panatrope were among the "miracles" of the age.

Victor's Automatic Orthophonic record player, which appeared in 1926, was the first of the automatic players to receive wide publicity, though many efforts had been made to produce them. In 1931 Victor introduced the first long-playing lateral cut records.

In 1947, the duo-cone loudspeaker came into being. It is actually two speakers in one, with the high-frequency and low-frequency cones arranged congruently—that is, in the same plane. The speaker, in addition to separate cones, incorporates separate voice coils and separate magnetic structures for the high and low frequencies. Developed mainly for use as a monitor in broadcasting stations and recording studios, it is now available to the general public for the first time as a separate component in the assembly of units for high quality reproduction in the home. To its original features, there has been added a unit consisting of seven acoustical domes, attached to the inside of the low-frequency cone.

There are several factors to be weighed in the evaluation of high-fidelity phono-

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graphs and equipment units, including frequency range, distortion, transient response, and directivity. A frequency range of 40 to 15,000 cycles may be considered the practical ideal, but the effect of restricting the range within these limits varies according to personal tastes. At all times the distortion at the upper limits of frequency and volume should be below the level at which it can be detected by the average listener. The choice between ideal and restricted frequency range must be made on the basis of cost.

Because all speech and music is in a continuous state of change, "transient response", which is the promptness with which peaks of sound build up and diminish, is another essential consideration. Unless this characteristic is good, the result will be unclear or fuzzy reproduction in the upper frenquencies and a hangover of tones in the lower frequencies. The directivity or distribution pattern of a high-fidelity loudspeaker should be broad and uniform for both high and low frequencies.

In conventional speakers, the high-frequency response is confined to a narrow beam, resulting in a substantial loss of high-frequency sound for a listener stationed a few degrees off the axis of the speaker. The result is frequency discrimination for points removed from the axis.

It is a matter of aesthetics that balanced reproduction is important in the high-fidelity system. The hi-fi system will result in the illusion of reality because it is capable of recreating the audible balanced range of tone and subtle nuances of timbre.

Besides these separate attributes which are essential to enjoyment of high fidelity, there is an overall condition that must be considered. For true high-fidelity performance, the units of a system must not only possess individually the capacity for wide frequency range, minimum distortion, good transient response, broad and uniform directivity, but they must be matched to one another with respect to electrical characteristics. The output of each component must be matched to the "input" requirements of each connecting unit, for the quality of the reproduced music or other sound is a product of the system as a whole.

In selecting high-fidelity equipment, one need not be an engineer to make a wise choice. Reputable dealers and manufacturers, plus the buyer's own judgment will aid him in his selection. The most dependable single criterion of a good hi-fi system is what sounds best to the listener in his own living room.

The far reaching impact of high fidelity is well known by now. In addition to giving increased enjoyment and appreciation to the listener, hi-fi has "sparked" record sales to new heights. Artists, too, are unquestionably affected not only by the tremendous record sales but by the fact that hi-fi means more critical listeners. Perhaps even more important, high fidelity is opening a new era in the field of musical education. It has been an enormous stimulus for schools to increase record libraries.

Beyond all doubt, high fidelity means new fields for exploration, new freshness, and new rewarding and fascinating avenues to musical enjoyment.

• •

Two Poems by Walter de la Mare

Intruder

There were no clouds in the arch of the evening,
Mute were the heavens in transient gold;
Not a leaf stirring, not a bird twittering,
Dreamed the dark woodland, fold within fold.

Rose-green the light where a hermit knelt praying,
His solitude verdurous, vision-like, still;
When of a sudden, frigid and burning
There pierced through his body an exquisite thrill.

Thrill, as when nightingale, crazed with repining,
Shakes a whole tree's clustered blossom with song;
Thrill, as when outcast in desert benighted
Hears Demon mocking him, hasting along.

We Who Have Watched

We who have watched the World go by,
Brooding with eyes, unveiled and clear,
On its poor pomp and vanity,
Seen Mammon, vice and infamy
Cringe, bargain, jape and jeer—
What surety have we here?

We who have witnessed beauty fade,
And faces once divine with light
In narrow abject darkness laid,
Consigned with busy heedless spade
To clay from mortal sound and sight—
Where look we for delight?

We who have seen the tender child
Leap from its mother's breast, to rove
This earth; and soon, by fiend beguiled,
With wanton sickliness defiled,
Resign at last faith, hope and love.
What mercy dream we of?

Business

Canadian Import Policy Now Faces Adjustment

By C. M. SHORT

OUR CANADA IS THE WORLD'S most liberal importer. This statement is based on an analysis of the import trade in United States dollars (and therefore on a comparable basis for all countries) of practically the entire free world, as reported by the International Monetary Fund, Washington.

There are, of course, two other countries, the United States and Britain, whose imports exceed those of Canada in U.S. dollar values, and in an occasional year France buys slightly more from other countries than Canada does. Yet this nation, with its population of little more than 15 million people, imports about half as much as Britain, about 40 per cent as much as the United States and usually more than France.

Canada's imports per capita, over $300 a year, are the highest of any country included in the analysis. Canada, on a per capita basis, leads such countries as Belgium, Japan, Switzerland, Holland and Denmark, most of which are highly industrialized but deficient in industrial raw materials. Canada is far ahead of Britain in imports on a per capita basis, and imports four times as much proportionately as the United States. If the United States, the world's largest market, were to import as much proportionately as Canada its purchases abroad would be more than $40 billion.

Any country's capacity to import should be determined, at least partly, by its capacity to export. In 1953 the volume of Canada's imports was about half as large again as that of 1948, while the volume of her exports rose by only 13 per cent, a much smaller rise than that of several other countries. Disregarding the war ravaged countries such as Japan, Holland, West Germany and Austria, whose exports rose from nearly two to four times the early post-war levels, Australia, Switzerland, Turkey and the United States increased their exports more than did Canada. Only two countries, Britain and New Zealand, fell behind Canada in the volume of exports.

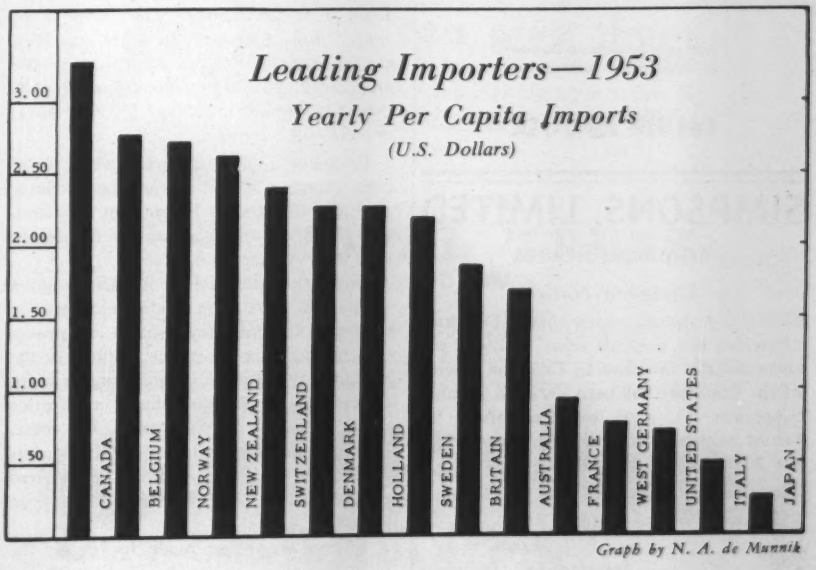
In other words, Canada's importing capacity was lower than that of several other countries.

Now the question arises as to how Canada has been able to maintain this unbalanced import-export position. One reason that might be advanced is that this country has a high standard of living, and perhaps more expensive tastes than it can afford. Its close proximity to the United States, with all that country's great wealth, mass production, and wide range of commodities with a strong appeal, makes Canada singularly susceptible to American tastes. But such factors do not explain the disparity between importing and exporting capacities, least of all how Canada has been able to buy abroad more than she has sold.

It is perhaps a commonplace that considerable American capital has been drawn to Canada in recent years, mainly to finance the development of this country's natural resources, notably minerals. Over $300 million of such money were invested in Canada last year. But there has been a return flow of a good part of this money to the United States to provide for equipment necessary for this development which is not available in Canada but is easily accessible across the border. And there are indications that enterprising equipment manufacturers in the United States have been able to get orders for Canada by exerting influence on American institutions which directly or indirectly have been engaged in financing this country's development program.

The advantages of investing in Canada and, in turn, of getting equipment business has not been left exclusively to the United States. Europe has also recognized this advantage and so has offered Canada substantial quantities of investment funds and equipment, particularly electrical apparatus and machine tools, at prices well below those quoted by either American or Canadian suppliers. All told, it seems that Canada has imported nearly $400 million in foreign equipment per year, in addition to a great variety of consumers' goods, notably textiles, which also have been offered at lower prices than those of Canadian origin.

There have been marked changes this year in both Canadian import and export trade. So far imports (in U.S. dollars) have been running at an annual rate of about $400 million below that of last year, while exports have dropped by $200 million below the rate of 1953. So a readjustment in the import-export position has been in process. But further progress in this direction has to be made if Canada is to get on equal trading terms with the rest of the world.



Graph by N. A. de Munnik

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By order of the Board.

Frank Hay,
Secretary and Treasurer

Toronto, August 10, 1954.

Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

Nudulama Mines

PLEASE ADVISE *if shares of Nudulama Mines Ltd. are worth holding or should I get rid of them?—H. P. R., Montreal.*

This company came into being as a reorganization of Ladulama Gold Mines in April of 1953. This enabled the company to be financed to participate in the Bathurst base metal rush. Two groups, totalling 55 claims, are held in that area of New Brunswick.

Diamond drilling on the claims was suspended for the winter months and no reports or results have appeared since then.

It was reported at the end of 1953 that the company possessed cash and investments of approximately $1 million. With 2.6 million shares of the authorized 4 million share capital issued, it appears that the slow drift of the stock around 30 cents reflects this cash position, with a faint reflection of optimism.

Until some development news appears, or the funds in the treasury are employed in a new venture, there seems to be little possibility of any speculative action being generated in the market. It would appear better tactics to switch to an issue with more promise of market action than to hold and hope with great patience for something to happen.

Estella Mines

ABOUT *three years ago I bought 100 shares of Estella Mines Ltd. at $1.75 and last Fall, in an endeavor to average down, I bought another 400 shares at 30 cents. Since that time the stock has been trading between 16 and 22. What are the prospects? Should I buy another 500 shares at about 20, hold what I now have, or sell?—A. T., Halifax.*

Estella is a small company whose principal interests lie in a lead-zinc property at Wasa, BC, and in 50 per cent participation in a gas-oil property in California near Los Angeles.

From the long list of financing agreements that have been made to underwrite blocks of the company's shares, it appears that finances are the major problem of the management. The most recent was a series of options on 800,000 shares at a price scale from 20 to 40 cents. Of these, 200,000 shares were taken up at 20 cents in May. Of the 6 million authorized capitalization, 4,800,000 shares have been issued.

Efforts are being made to reopen the Wasa property, which was shut down in April of 1953 after metal prices slumped, and the oil property in California has shown commercial possibilities, with one oil well and one gas well on production, but it appears that the speculative possibilities of the stock are very small.

The shares issued not only possess a very small portion of the total equity apiece, as the recent price of 15 shows, but also act as a block to any wide upward action of the stock due to the efforts of the underwriter to market optioned stock.

If sufficient news can be produced to help generate some interest in the stock, it might be briefly pushed up to around 30 cents again. The accent is on the word "might".

Macdonald Mines

I AM *holding around 2,000 shares of Macdonald Mines which I bought at 60 cents and $1.00. I find it rather difficult to tell from the various reports on this company just what is taking place. What is your opinion of the possibilities of this stock under the present known arrangements with Noranda? Is the stock likely to go to $3.00? Are the arrangements with Noranda such that Macdonald Mines can possibly make any profit on the mining operations? I was planning to buy more stock at the present market price.—A.G.T., Guelph, Ont.*

This company was formed in 1936 to explore and develop a base metal property located about 7 miles northeast of Noranda Mines. Exploration of the main property has so far failed to disclose commercial ore and all work has been concentrated on the western 940 acres. This sector, formerly under lease to Noranda, is now being developed by a new company, West Macdonald Mines. Ownership of this company is divided, 51 per cent to Noranda and 49 per cent to Macdonald.

In return for this interest, Noranda has agreed to loan sufficient capital to get the mine into production. Development to date has outlined ore bodies of approximately 18 million tons, grading 78 per cent pyrite and 3 per cent zinc. Underground development and construction of the 1,500 ton mill is underway under the management of Noranda.

The cost of this work is estimated at $4½ million. This will be repayable to Noranda out of earnings. At the present time it is difficult to ascertain just how

profitable the operation will be, but it seems obvious that Noranda would not have entered into the agreement without definite indications of earnings.

Since the long decline from the high of $7.50 in 1946 to the low of 19 cents in 1949, the stock has fluctuated between $1.50 and 38 cents, and for the past several months has moved in a very narrow range between 41 and 68 cents. Until some definite indications of earnings appear, it seems unlikely that the price could advance to your objective of $3.00. Noranda will have first claim on earnings, for the repayment of the 4½ million advanced, and this, together with the needs of Macdonald to replenish its working capital position, places the possibility of any dividends being paid by Macdonald well in the future.

At the present time an advance to around $1.00 is all that can be seen from the chart. Heavy supply above this point will effectively limit action. Thus, this stock does not seem attractive from the speculative point of view. It is more of a long-pull proposition that will require considerable patience.

Canadian Celanese

I OWN 600 shares of Canadian Celanese Ltd. These shares are now selling at around $20. Will you please tell me if I should sell them at the present depressed prices? What are the prospects for this company?—C. H., Westmount, Que.

The trials and tribulation of the textile industry in Canada have been fully shared by Canadian Celanese. Net profits, which had reached a postwar high of $14,097,321 in 1950, amounted to almost half of this figure in 1953 at $7,960,048.

As net earnings dwindled under the impact of increased domestic production of textile yarns and the flood of imports that swamped the Canadian markets, the stock began to recede from the 1951 high of 68. When earnings fell below the dividend rate, the decline accelerated as it became apparent that a reduction in the dividend rate would be forced.

From 60 cents a quarter, the dividend was cut to 30 cents last November and again to 15 cents in May. The selling invoked by this news sent the price of the stock down to the recent low of 18.

The problems the company faces are the basic ones that affect the entire Canadian industry. Imports have not only taken about 30 per cent of the entire market but have produced a chronic condition of over-capacity which has intensified the competition for the available market. Price cutting has trimmed profit margins sharply, and with operations well below capacity the cost-saving features of new equipment can only be partly realized.

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ing, tending to reduce the percentage of income spent for textiles, it appears that a permanent change has occurred in the position of textiles in their place in the economy. This has been further complicated by the arrival of new synthetic fabrics such as Nylon, Orlon, Terylene and Dynel. Some of these are now being produced in Canada.

Rayon, the chief product of Celanese, is still the most competitive in price to cottons, and research in this synthetic may still produce new varieties. Thus the company appears to have a much greater potential for expanding operations and profits than many of the other textile producers in this country.

Financially it is still in a very sound position, with working capital of $14,167,758 nearly double both the inventory of $8,105,214 and the funded debts of $7,100,000.

While the long term is too difficult to appraise, it appears at the present time that the fortunes of the company and the price of the stock have reached a low point. It seems quite possible that the present recovery in the price to 21 could be extended to around 25. Holding of your shares with a stop loss about a point below the high reached on this move seems warranted.

In Brief

WHAT IS YOUR *opinion of Nationwide Minerals?—F. B. S., Dundurn, Sask.*

No bid.

I HAVE *2,000 shares of Athlodge Uranium Mines. Can you tell me anything about this company?—A. C., Montreal.*

Reported inactive.

I WOULD *be grateful for your opinion as to the advisability of buying shares of Ramardo Mines—A. L. W., Toronto.*

Prospects seem limited.

I PURCHASED *shares of New Larder "U" at 98 cents. I would appreciate your comments on the possibilities of this stock at the current market price of 80 cents.—A. B., Toronto.*

Appears to be headed lower.

COULD YOU *let me know what has happened to Ormsby Mines, who took over LaSalle Yellowknife? — G. W. T., Saskatoon.*

Apparently inactive.

CAN YOU TELL *me what became of Lucky Pair Mines? — G. T. M., Vancouver.*

That was just a pair of deuces. It's defunct.

WHAT SHOULD *I do with shares of Canadian Consolidated Oils?—A. K., Toronto.*

Frame them.

Who's Who in Business

"If it's big, I'll take it"

By J. W. Bacque

"WORK does not kill a man; it's worries that do that," says Ernest Cormier, 68, probably the most famous architect practising in Canada today. Mr. Cormier can say this with assurance, because he does not have the same attitude towards work that most men do. "When I was at school, I was always studying in advance," he says. "I was curious, you see. I was interested, and it's still the same thing. My relaxation is to change the type of work I do — it's so varied that when I get tired of calculations, I can switch to painting, design or sculpture."

Ashley & Crippen

ERNEST CORMIER

Mr. Cormier designed, amongst scores of other commissions, the Supreme Court of Canada building in Ottawa, the new buildings of the University of Montreal, five churches in Canada and the U.S., and three buildings for St. Michael's College in Toronto. He was the only Canadian on the Planning Board for the UN building in New York, and he alone designed the building's seven main entrance doors.

When Mr. Cormier was a boy, his father equipped a small scientific laboratory for him. "That same trend of curiosity came out then," he recalls. "I used to play with my father's oil paint brushes, too." After he graduated from the University of Montreal and the Polytechnic School of Montreal, as a civil engineer, in 1906, he worked for two years at the Dominion Bridge Company. "When I was making structural designs and I saw the architects at work," he says, "I thought, 'Why shouldn't I become one myself?'."

In 1908 he left for France, where he studied for six years at l'Ecole des Beaux-Arts de Paris, under Jean Louis Pascal. His first success outside school came in 1914, when he won the Jarvis scholarship of the Royal Institute of British Architects to study for two years in Rome. In 1918 he joined Considère and Caquot in Paris where he remained for a year. Upon his return to Canada after the war he was made an instructor in architecture at McGill University. At the same time, he founded the business that he has kept up ever since. From March, 1925, to early this year, he was head of the Architectural Course for Engineers at the Polytechnic School of Montreal.

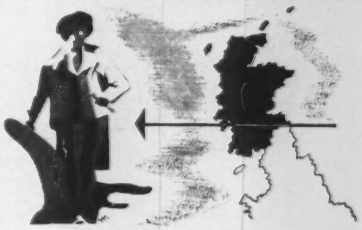
"I want my buildings to look substantial," he says. "I don't want them to look cheap or effeminate. It would be true to say that very often they are blunt and bulky. But I make sure they are always well designed."

Mr. Cormier mocks architects who, at the first sign of success, delegate routine work to office subordinates so that they can "spend their time writing letters to famous people. Why study so long to pass time in writing letters? Some of them even get to feel it's degrading to make a drawing."

Mr. Cormier has a rather mournful expression when his face is relaxed, but he smiles engagingly when he makes one of his frequent jokes. His hands play nervously with little bits of paper as he talks, and there is always a cigarette in his mouth (he smokes between 50 and 60 every day). The fame he has won in his profession means far less to him than the feeling that he has honestly fulfilled his own architectural ideals. "My sculpture, my drawings — all my work — I make as truthful and strong as possible, and I always execute my own plans myself. By doing most of this design work myself, including all the engineering, I can spend money on what shows, and use the very best materials for the same price, because I have economized everywhere else."

Although he ridicules those architects who want only money and business success, Mr. Cormier does allow himself a little pleasure in contemplating his own fame. "I don't go after jobs now," he says. "If it's big and I like it, I take it and do it well."

FROM SCOTLAND CAME ROBERT BURNS



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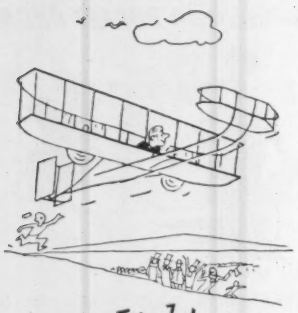

Mr. Wright travelled light

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Insurance

Comprehensive Business Liability

By William Sclater

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The basic insuring agreements included show the composition of the policy and, while the Contractual Liability is limited to the types of contracts mentioned in the policy, these can be broadened by endorsement to give complete coverage and protect the Insured against practically any liability, except from automobiles, workmen's compensation and bailees' insurance, for which specific forms of coverage are available.

Liability insurance is based primarily on Common Law. What is insured against is negligence.

When a person is on your premises by invitation, all reasonable precautions and care for that person's safety are your responsibility. Where a financial consideration is involved in a person's presence on your premises, the measure of responsibility is increased. Where a person's safety is involved while he is on your premises, your responsibility is almost all-inclusive and any failure to recognize your responsibility in these circumstances constitutes negligence. If a person is on your premises without invitation, either explicit or implied, even to the extent of trespassing, you have a responsibility not to cause him wilful harm or expose him to traps.

Public Liability is insurance against Bodily Injury and Property Damage. The liability protected against in the Comprehensive or Blanket Form is that imposed by Common Law, by Statutory Law or Municipal Act, or liability which may be assumed under contract.

On-and-off Risks

Owners', Landlords' and Tenants' Liability, while primarily an "on the premises" coverage at a rate determined by the area, frontage and type of business concerned, also covers "off" premises risks under the business definition "all operations which are necessary or incidental thereto". If, for example, a delivery man drops a piano accidentally in a customer's home and shatters a Ming vase by doing so, such a risk is included.

Contractors' Liability affords protection to the Contractor for his operations as such. Usually it is written to cover the specific type of contracting operation undertaken by the Insured, with automatic coverage provided for any additional operations that might not have been contemplated in the original instance. Owners' and Contractors' Protective Liability, known also as Contingent Public Liability, protects against liability for injury to members of the public or damage to the property of others through work being performed for the Insured by independent contractors or sub-contractors.

Elevator coverage is self-explanatory. The premium rate is worked out per elevator and is based on its use and type, whether freight or passenger.

Diversity

Product Liability has a certain diversity. It provides, for example, against liability arising from an article or product manufactured, sold and distributed by the Insured which is no longer on his premises and over which he has no further control; it provides for liability arising from building operations such as the completion of a building by the Insured which has been turned over to the Purchaser.

In the Comprehensive General Liability policy, the multiple exposures covered by the contract have single bodily injury and property damage liability limits applying to the whole contract.

A survey is used to ascertain exposures and the premium is based on the values developed. Sometimes the premium is applied individually and sometimes an overall premium is developed at a single adjustment rate.

For example, the rate for building construction is approximately a third of the rate for sewer and water-main construction, and approximately half the rate for street and road construction. These rates vary to the same extent as there are types of contracting operations. If an Insured engaged in several different types of operations and only a single adjustment rate was provided, he might find himself paying double what he should on one contract and only half of what he should on another.

Comprehensive General Liability is an essential cover to many modern businesses, but it is an instrument of protection which must be carefully written.

women

THE ENSEMBLE LOOK *by Pauline Trigère: a warp printed taffeta dress with deep skirt pleats, a moulded midriff and a shoulder-wide scooped neckline, together with a pure silk velvet coat featuring an Edwardian collar. The soft ash green of the coat is complemented in the dress by a deeper tone in the print and a light background. The model was photographed in the Japanese House Exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, New York.* *For photographs of the Japanese house, see page 29.*

Conversation Pieces:

PROFESSOR Edward Hammond, the Yale scientist who converted his wife to pipe-smoking, has probably started a trend. The designers and manufacturers are already beginning to turn out pipes suitable for women smokers. These will include pipes enriched with rhinestones for formal occasions, pipes with bold overplaid designs for sports, candy-striped pipes for beach use and miniature bull-dog pipes for walking the dog.

Mrs. Hammond says she likes smoking a pipe because it gives her something to do with her hands. Certainly there is a lot to be said for it on this basis.

There is, for instance, the business of lighting a pipe. Men, we have noticed, never use a cigarette lighter and rarely folder matches for lighting pipes. Lighters burn up fluid, folder matches burn up the fingers. So they use kitchen matches, which they apparently carry loose in their pockets. Will women smokers go along with this ritual and add to it the complex and untidy business of pouches, dumping, filling, tamping, etc?

The only place we have ever seen a male nurse is in the movies. They are usually shown there as rugged types, assigned to handling drunks in departments where muscle is more essential than professional training. Actually, it seems there are centres in both Ontario and the Maritimes where male students receive exactly the same hospital training as female nurses.

The pay on graduation is good, the calling is honorable (if female nursing has its Florence Nightingale, male nursing has its Walt Whitman), the demand for service is high, but the enrolment is reluctant. There seems to be no reason why the male nurse, energetic, skilled and brilliantly hygienic, shouldn't present just as romantic a figure as the female nurse. He doesn't, however, and the difficulty may lie largely in the name of his vocation, which suggests a calling a little lower—at least in the scale of virility—than a masseur. Our guess is that if the training schools for male nurses were to issue their diplomas to Medical and Surgical Assistants, or Health Maintenance supervisors, their enrolment would go up like a fever chart.

Things that have always baffled us: Why are the more notorious ladies who get into the papers—the shoplifters, girl bandits, and arsenic dispensers—almost invariably described by the gallant press as "attractive in appearance"? (They rarely are.) Why was the standard typewriter key-board arranged for minimum efficiency in typing? What genius distributed the lettering so that it is practically impossible to write "minimum" without keeping your eye on your typing?

Recently we talked to the credit manager of a large retail business, a happy prosperous man who assured us that human nature, after all, is a pretty reliable factor. "You might even say it's improving," he added. "You don't get the phonies and deadbeats in this business that you used to a few years ago."

It turned out on investigation that the phonies and deadbeats had been thoroughly weeded out over the years through rigid credit listings. Customer reliability, it seems, has risen enormously as a result. But that reliable old factor, human nature, probably remains exactly it has always been.

A HEAD-HUGGING *turban in honey-bear silken pile, draped and twisted so that one "ear" shoots off to one side, by Lilly Daché.*

A PARASOL *beret in taffeta, from Emme's "Lady in the Dark" collection of black dinner hats, so called after the Gertrude Lawrence hit play of the '30s.*

A SIDE-WEDGE *beret, in café-au-lait felt from Sally Victor's "Scaramouche" collection in the style of the early roaming Italian actors.*

Hats for Fall

By Margaret Ness

HATS will no longer perch or teeter. They are covering the head once again. But no one shape predominates. Berets, turbans, swagger casuals, cloches, pillboxes and profiles, all are present and accounted for this Fall.

Perhaps berets and the new "Garbo slouch" silhouette have a slight edge in the New York collections. Berets come tiny and tilted, in "Rembrandt" size and even pleated. There are cuffed, pancake, pincushion and bicorne berets.

If you are the type who can achieve a sophisticated "I Want to be Alone" look, however, you may prefer the deep-sloping-brim slouch hat that is designed to go with the new "easy" elegance in clothes.

Velour and velvet seem to be the popular Fall materials. The newest color is "Palette Pink" (a rich wine-mauve), sponsored by all the leading New York milliners. But every color is represented: blue is bold, green is a soft grey-green; red is the rusty red of pottery; brown is a putty shade.

Feathers seem to have taken the place of jewelled glitter on the formal hats for evening wear. They are also used on every-occasion hats, as plumage, facings and quills.

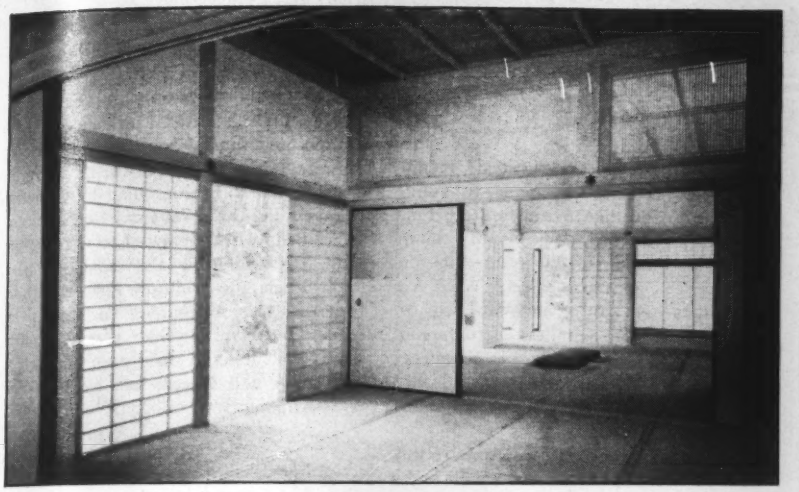
John Frederics and Lilly Daché both predict that women are going to let their hair grow longer again. French women have already returned to the long glamor bob. Where they lead, we will catch up in about six months time. So, buy your new Fall hat with "more hair" in mind.

A DOUBLE, *hexagonal beret in tweed greige-and-brown felt, from Laddie Northridge's collection called "Scheherazade and her 1,001 Turbans".*

"ZEBRA DERBY", *a felt slouch, banded and faced in brown grosgrain, from Mr. John's "Travel Companions" in his "Headlines of Egypt" group.*

A LARGE *swagger hat in brushed beaver, its undulating brim faced with black velvet, from the Hattie Carnegie Fall collection.*

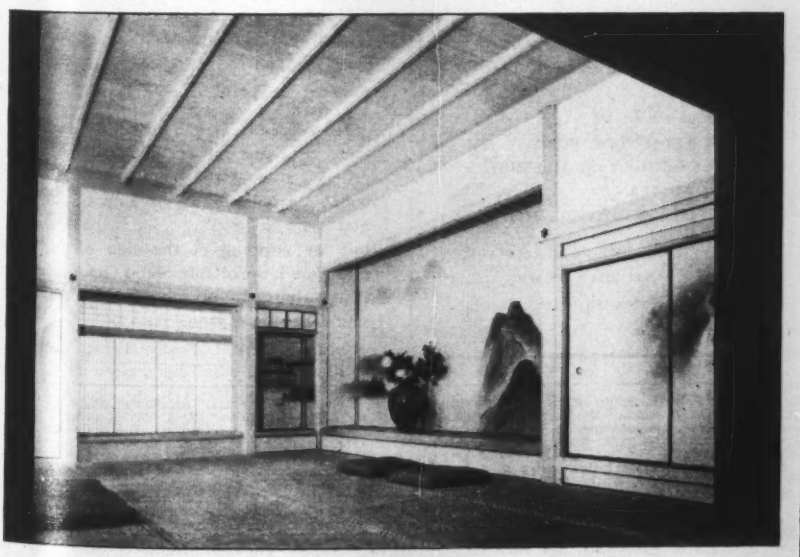
A FLAT *velvet-bow pillbox, the crown covered with tiny curled ostrich plumes, from Walter Florell's "Black Spiders" collection.*

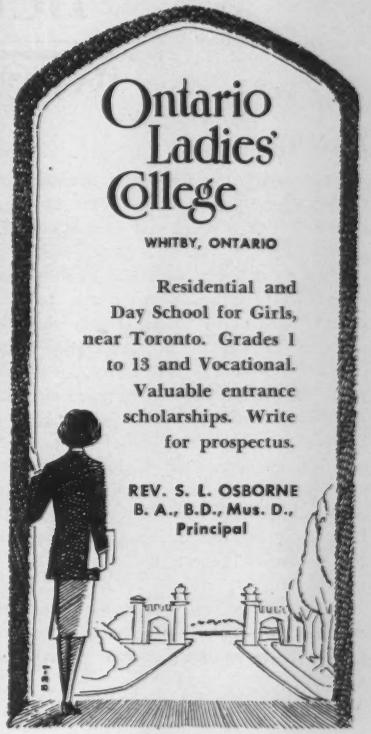


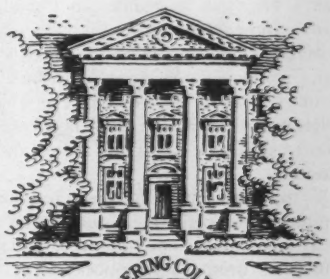
Homes

YOUR modern architecture makes much of large picture windows and open floor space that is strategically divided into supposed rooms by groupings of furniture. How much it owes to the Japanese way of life is demonstrated in the Museum of Modern Art in New York. There, a traditional Japanese house is on display until mid-October.

Actually built in Japan, of Japanese materials, it was reassembled in the Museum Garden. Sliding wall-screens of paper easily convert the two large rooms into one area; the sliding wood weather-doors may be opened, or removed so that the sheltered verandah and the landscaped garden become part of the house. What furnishings there are, are functional—chests of drawers, shelves and low tables. The two photographs are of the *shoin*—or main—room, so called because it contains a desk (*shoin*) and designates the type of home built by a scholar or a government official. Above: the room has been photographed from the second large room, from which it is separated by sliding screens (glimpses of the garden are to be seen through the open outside doors); below, the room is viewed closer, with the sliding doors removed, and shows the desk under the windows, the corner shelves, and the alcove for the display of works of art, with a landscape mural in the rear. One feature of the house that the western world has not yet adopted is a sliding lattice above the sunken bath-tub, to permit the bather a view of the back garden.







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Letters

Poor Coverage

ONCE AGAIN the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation has done it. Their coverage of the British Empire and Commonwealth games hit rock bottom. Never before in the history of sports on television has there been such a futile effort. I will not now recount the many other serious mistakes made by the CBC. They are known to all.

What I now ask, the Government and CBC ought to have done long since of their own will. I ask them to give to private enterprise the right to open and operate television channels in all major cities throughout Canada. Even the pseudo-intellectuals who control the CBC must realize, by now, that they and the Canadian people do not see eye to eye.

I thank SATURDAY NIGHT for the manner in which they have exposed the CBC. Please continue your worthwhile efforts.

Montreal B. H. MCCALLUM

Canadian Character

AS A RELATIVE newcomer to Canada, I have become aware of many traits of the Canadian character, some of which have been mentioned by correspondents in SATURDAY NIGHT. However, the one thing which has, to me, been most noticeable is a fairly general inability to face or answer criticism.

In my experience, the most reasonable comment and criticism is quite often met with resentment and personal attacks. This has been very noticeable in the controversy raised by Dr. Neatby's book, *So Little for the Mind*. Amongst my personal friends to whom I have mentioned some of Dr. Neatby's opinions and from a recent edition of a nationally circulated magazine, one salient feature arises. The majority of replies to Dr. Neatby's criticism consist of personal attacks on Dr. Neatby herself and ignore her indications of what could be wrong with Canadian education.

This is only a convenient illustration. I find it also at personal, local and national levels. When a criticism is made the reaction is not: "What did the man say? Is it reasonable or justified? If not, then here are the arguments to refute it." No, my Canadian friends retire behind a smoke screen of: "Who is this man? Miserable so and so! Does he think he is an expert on this subject? What are his politics? He must have an axe to grind!" After ten minutes of defaming the personality of the critic, his comments are conveniently overlooked.

This procedure is, of course, much easier than thinking. It is a kind of universal tool; it fits all criticism. If this attitude is not born of mental laziness then it shows signs of either lack of self-confidence or a massive complacency.

If the reader feels his scalp prickling and the thought arising, "Who the dickens does this man think he is?" well, that only proves my point.

Rossland, BC. JOHN E. ROBERTS

Royal Title

IN REPLY to the letter from Patrick Carmody of Ottawa (SATURDAY NIGHT, August 21), may I quote from *British Titles* by Valentine Heywood, Managing Editor of *The Sunday Times* (second edition, 1953).

". . . . a few words about the Sovereign's one non-regal style, that of Defender of the Faith. A surprisingly large number of people, if questioned, will reply that the Sovereign bears this style by virtue of its bestowal by the Pope of his day on Henry VIII. It is true that Pope Leo X, charmed by Henry's thorough-going pronouncement against Luther and his doctrine (those were the days when Henry aspired to be elected Holy Roman Emperor), conferred this distinction on the Church's zealous and dutiful son. But when Henry (inspired, it is to be feared, more by his matrimonial difficulties than by any deep change in his religious convictions) quarrelled with Rome, Leo's successor, Paul III, withdrew the honor. Thereupon England's arbitrary Sovereign Lord ordered his amenable Parliament to confer the style on him afresh. So that since that date it has been borne by our Kings and Queens not by Papal but by Parliamentary authority."

Toronto WILLIAM HENDERSON

Of Many Things

A MINISTER of the Gospel recently was tossed out of a nudist camp. . . His intentions no doubt were good, but his method was wrong. No confirmed Christian would go anywhere close to a place where people make a display of their naked bodies. The minister's duty is to help create the faith that will destroy such exhibitionism — in his church and district, not in nudist camps.

Montreal J. P. DESCHENES

CANADA badly needs more doctors and dentists, but the entrenched bigots of the medical and dental associations do everything they can to make it difficult for qualified doctors and dentists who come here from other countries to practise. . . Selfishness is being given precedence over national interest, as always. . .

Halifax ANDREW THOMSON

THE British Empire and Commonwealth Games were a bitter revelation of the pussyfooting that keeps Canada from true nationhood. . . Canada's winners at the Games were greeted with what? A makeshift flag and a borrowed anthem. . .

Regina DAVID S. BAXTER

IN A recent article about safe driving there was this bit of advice: "If you get drowsy, stop at the nearest restaurant for coffee or pull off to the side of the road and take a nap" . . . Excellent advice, but try napping at the side of the road and you'll probably land up in police court, charged with anything from a traffic violation to vagrancy . . .

Kingston, Ont. E. J. BERENSON

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The Public Prints

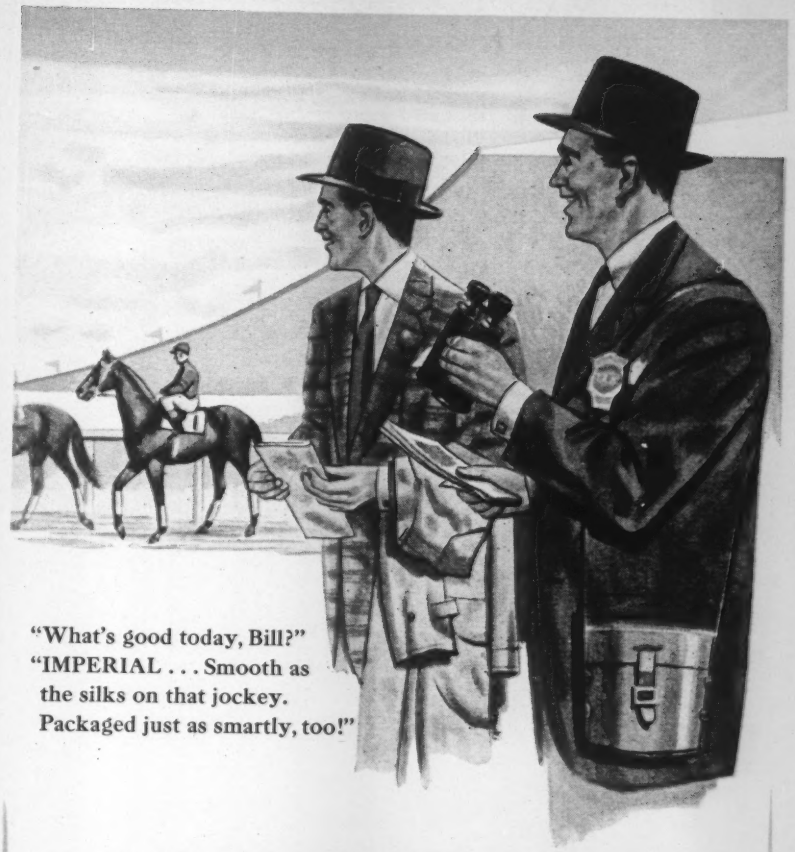
Montreal Star: The national convention of the CCF passed, with a single dissenting vote, a resolution demanding that Canada step up its foreign aid program to $1,000,000,000 a year. How this precise figure was reached, we do not know. Our present contributions run at most to $30,000,000 annually. The billion dollar figure is, however, a good round sum which, the sponsors must have thought, would attract some attention. It will be understood of course that the CCF would not get the money from the taxes of the common people. It would be taken only from that great raft of pirates who have loads and loads of money and would indeed hardly miss it. The common people would have their taxes reduced. The fact that this raft of pirates does not exist is not a fact that has ever worried the CCF. It goes on talking about them anyway.

Portland Oregonian: Nothing in the news rouses the average man to quite such a peak of apathy as reading that some screen star he never heard of is going to give up a career he didn't even know she had.

Halifax Chronicle-Herald: The average man, when he engages in amateur sports, is concerned generally with the game for its own sake. And even when he attends professional sport, or the so-called "spectator sports," he is concerned primarily to see a first-rate exhibition; regardless of who wins there is a peculiar satisfaction in witnessing a game played by two teams of virtuosos, with every move running as smooth as clockwork, only to be met and countered by a similar display of precision. Sports can provide a display of conscious artistry which is infinitely satisfying, and it is merely a pathetic pity when they deteriorate into a scramble for the shoddy prestige attached to winning.

Edmonton Journal: Like bread cast upon the waters, junk thrown on the trash pile comes back many years later as a $50 antique.

Brockville Recorder and Times: This country is plagued with an overdose of so-called beauty contests. It seems that every time some harassed press agent is dredging the bottom of the barrel for promotional stunts, he bobs up with a beauty contest, just like a seal with a fish in its mouth. The public is getting weary of a dreary succession of Miss "Everythings", usually underweight and underdressed. A plague on these contests and their authors and sponsors.



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